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ENDING THE COLD WAR

Wilson Carey McWilliams

DREAM OF FAIR CITIES

Frank Getlein

LBJ—'NEAR GREAT'

William V. Shannon

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'ONE YEAR LATER'

Protestant Observers on the Council

Albert C. Outler *Robert McAfee Brown* *Stanley I. Stuber*

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Fit-to-print Dep't.: The New York *Times,* which primly puts the air-brush to movie ads that run undisturbed in your favorite family magazine, accepted an excruciatingly tasteless ad for Gabriel Longo's zany exposé *Spoiled Priest.* Something to do with what unwed mothers do with seminary laundry. No other major advertising outlet that we saw carried this section of the copy. The book by the way, is written in the panting Fanny-Hill style, and is available from the ever-panting Lyle Stuart Co.

•

Never ceasing to amuse, the Brooklyn *Tablet* has set Father Fichter straight on what he *should* have found (but didn't quite find) in his sociological survey of American priests. Sixty percent of the priests reported that their bishops show little personal interest in them. Not having consulted the *Tablet,* Father Fichter could not know that this is a good thing, since too much interest "could be interpreted as an undesirable paternalism." In addition, the *Tablet* pointed out that the survey is of dubious accuracy since the priests were not told that their reports would be published, and did not know that the survey was partly financed by the dread *National Catholic Reporter.* The finding that 31 percent of the priests would unquestionably marry, if permitted to do so, also fell short of *Tablet* approval, since "a re-evaluation honestly conducted would very likely show that the Church has been wise in the matter for many centuries, and still is." Not reluctant to kick a man while he's down, the *Tablet* chided Father Fichter: "From priests generally we can expect opinions that are mature, scholarly, prudent and helpful." Presumably he is properly bruised and will watch it from here on in.

•

Father Charles Davis, the well-known British theologian, announced on December 20 that he was leaving the Church, saying that it was more concerned with authority than truth, and that he had been unable to find any adequate biblical or historical basis for the existence of the Church as an institution.

One of the ironies is that Father Davis had unfavorably reviewed the recent book, *The Future of Catholic Christianity,* a collection of essays by radical and liberal Catholics, as "thoroughly destructive of the Catholic faith." He accused one writer of an obsession with bishops ("A constant railing against authority is simply a sign of the insecurity and inhibitions which still beset people . . ."). The book, he wrote, was "unredeemable," partly because of its denial of Catholic Christianity in its historical form. He attacked Magdalen Goffin's essay in the book as "a plain denial of orthodox Christianity in its totality as a dogmatic faith" ("She is paying the price of living in a fool's paradise.") He added: "It is a remarkably able repudiation of the historical Christian faith. A future for Catholic Christianity? Catholic Christianity in any customary sense of the term is, if the author is to be believed, an illusion."

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Less papal than the pope: Not one American bishop supported Pope Paul's call for an extension of the Vietnam holiday truce.

•

Havana Radio has broadcast a remarkably sophisticated analysis of the Church in Latin America, predicting some renewal along the moderate path of the Church in Chile. The broadcast did not attack the Catholic Church or religion as such. It concluded on the note that attempts at renewal are likely to be limited by the standard anti-Communism expected of the Church, and by large Church investments which give it a stake in the status quo.

•

Colman McCarthy, reporting in *Christian Century* on the Catholic bishops' statement opposing federal birth control programs:

"What surprised many attending journalists was not so much the statement itself as that the press chairman, Archbishop Philip Hannan of New Orleans, said it was adopted unanimously. There were few takers for that tall tale: no one could imagine pop-off bishops like Cushing of Boston, Hallinan of Atlanta, Primeau of New Hampshire or Reed of Oklahoma sitting mum, let alone giving their approval, to a charge as rank as it was rash. Seminarians attending the meeting as aides reported that many of the prelates were knee-deep in disgust. But evidently they were powerless to hold back the statement. A few bishops with a bugaboo about the government family planning programs had, it seems, been in cahoots long before November: by the time of the meeting they had enough power to push their statement through."

•

The American Student's Freedom of Expression (Minnesota Press, $5.50) is the result of a study of attitudes and policies at 800 campuses by E. G. Williamson and John L. Cowan. One of their findings was that administrators on Catholic campuses showed the least commitment to the concept of academic freedom. At Catholic *universities,* freedom for student groups to demonstrate and take controversial stands on social issues was found to be "average," but at the Catholic liberal arts colleges, such freedom was well below average. Controversial political and social activity and freedom in conducting the student newspaper was "significantly below the national mean" on Catholic campuses. The most notable deviations from national norms were in a lack of freedom to invite controversial speakers and a lack of freedom in editing student newspapers. On the other hand, the authors found "greatly increased interest in controversial social issues" among students on Catholic campuses, which they term "a natural correlate of the atmosphere of ferment among many other students and among Catholics at large."

JOHN LEO

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CORRESPONDENCE

"Post-biblical Christianity"

Pine City, N.Y.

To the Editors: Daniel Callahan's "Post-biblical Christianity" (Dec. 9) contained some thought-provoking comment on the Scripture-tradition-magisterium problem in the Church. It also projected a number of equivocations which are grossly misleading. At least one of them, Mr. Callahan admits, may be "an abstraction of (his) own making": the question of so-called biblical purists. Perhaps they exist, but if so, they are in no way representative of the modern biblical movement, which is characterized by a healthy sensitivity to the unifying elements in Revelation as a whole.

Ever since the encyclical *Divino afflante* of 1943, Catholic exegesis has tended to become more than a simple explication of texts and has developed along strictly theological lines which insert the Bible into the framework of the Word of God understood in its totality as lived in the Church. It is for this reason that the Bible is seen as a *living* word and not a dead letter. So far as I know, this is a commonplace among Catholic Scripture scholars and could easily be verified by a list of their publications. Since Mr. Callahan has not chosen to name names, I will not do so either. At any rate, no reputable scholar today would put forth a theory of *sola Scriptura*, firstly because it does not hold theological water and secondly because it is simply too cramping even on purely scientific, technical lines.

Mr. Callahan's references to our need of confronting the Bible as free persons again teeters precariously between fact and figments of his own imagination. No one has ever asked us to park our reason or our human experience at the door of the Bible. On the contrary it is precisely this rational and human understanding of the biblical world that has opened it up to us in the twentieth century and helped us to recognize aspects of God's ways with men virtually undreamed of previously. To cite only one example,

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CHARLES DAVIS, CHRISTIAN

The loss of Father Charles Davis to the Church is a great one and, for many reasons, particularly painful. Father Davis has been a major figure in the renewal of English Catholicism. The good sense and theological acumen which he brought to his lectures, articles and books enriched the whole English-speaking Christian world. The Church cannot afford to lose such a gifted person. If it is possible to say this from an American perspective, one can easily imagine how English Catholics must feel. Here is occasion enough for pain.

Unhappily, there is more. Father Davis has been a frequent visitor to the United States. He has lectured at numerous colleges, taken part in summer workshops and written for many American Catholic publications (including a regular column for *America*). Hence, both personally and intellectually, he is unusually well known. And he impressed all who heard and met him. No one could possibly dismiss him as an unstable young rebel, as an erratic and irresponsible critic of the institutional Church, or as someone ignorant of the theory and reality of Catholicism. On the contrary, of all the younger theologians who have made a mark for themselves during the past few years he has been unusually free of the standard criticisms leveled at the young by the old, at reformers by bureaucrats. Balance, restraint and sensitivity marked all of his work (sometimes, indeed, to the frustration of the more restless and aggressive reformers).

In brief, he inspired a special confidence, among bishops, religious and lay people. For all these reasons, his announcement that he was leaving the Church came as a total surprise. More importantly, none of the usual defensive "explanations" used to rationalize a person's break with the Church appears to apply in this instance. And this presses home the most painful blow of all. We will have to take his reasons for his break with utmost seriousness, refusing to slide over their intellectual substance by reducing the whole matter to "freedom of conscience." That a person must follow his conscience is now obvious in the Church, utterly necessary, in fact. But for the sake of everyone else trying to form his own conscience, it is important to know what the intellectual and spiritual reasons leading up to the break were. What is right for one troubled conscience may well be right for others. We hope that sometime soon

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Father Davis will spell out his reasons in detail—that we may all wrestle out the theological issues, and not make him the issue.

Inevitably, however, an incident of this magnitude transcends the individual personalities involved. No doubt Father Davis' break will be seized upon in some worried quarters as proving how disastrous a serious attempt to reform the Church can become. They will be absolutely right. A genuine reform, one which goes beyond a cosmetic refurbishing of the Church's public image and an effort at contemporary respectability, must eventually return to basic questions. What justifies the existence of the Church? What justifies its doctrines, traditions and structures? To ask such questions is, in a vital sense, to begin all over, to ask with utter courage and an uncompromising desire for truth why the Church exists and whether it should go on existing. This is of course the shortest road to institutional disaster—if the answers cannot be found. It is also the shortest, though the hardest, route to truth and integrity, both personal and institutional. The evidence suggests, though, that few are willing to travel this way. For we know, don't we, that we already have the truth? It's just a matter of "development of doctrine," fresh "translations" of old texts and old dogmas, new perspectives on old certainties. Who can doubt this? Some can, and, as time goes on, many more will.

We confess to being disturbed by Father Davis' break. Naturally the Church can survive, for he is only one theologian, one Catholic, one Christian. But how are *we* to survive? By running away from him? By calling him "apostate"? By wringing our hands over the pity of it all, merely declaiming on the free conscience? That just won't do.

STARVATION POLITICS

In the India of 1966 there were 66 million more humans and 10 million less tons of grain than five years before. Those figures add up to starvation. Only 9 million tons of American grain prevented full-scale famine last year, and at least the same amount will be needed in 1967. Even now, thousands upon thousands of villagers in northern India are in desperate search of some scrap of food. The ruling Congress party is in full disarray, beset by bitter infighting over nominations for next February's elections. On top of all this come the charges that America is playing international power politics with Indian starvation.

To bridge the gap between the year-end expiration of the past U.S.-India aid agreement and any new program, New Delhi asked Washington for an interim grant of 2 million tons of grain, to arrive in India in February when the need is most desperate. The request was made last Fall. The grant, it was thought, would come with Johnson's Asian tour. It didn't. The next likely date was mid-November, when the Food for Peace bill was signed. This deadline also passed without action. Now even pro-American Indians charge that the delay was meant to influence Mrs. Gandhi's Vietnam policy and to spur Indian agricultural development.

The charges are at least half true. In discussing the delay last December 19, Secretary of Agriculture Freeman commented on new Indian advances in agriculture. He did not say what other Administration sources added: that the U.S. links these gains with its own slow-up policy on the grain. Freeman also called for the rest of the world to match American grants, an entirely justifiable plea. But not one to be realized at the cost of famine.

Three days later, the Soviet Union announced a grant to India of 200,000 tons of wheat. The same day the U.S. finally said it was sending 900,000 tons of grain. The politics of grain seem to be momentarily resolved. The politics of U.S.-India relations are not.

The Johnson Administration is hardly doing its most to avoid the impression that India is a client state. As in Vietnam, its famous carrot-and-stick technique is noticeably long on stick and short on carrot. Providing incentives for India to bear down on agriculture is completely reasonable; Japanese farmers, for example, grow three or four times per acre what the Indians are growing; and the difference is not in resources but in getting down to work on problems which are well known. Still, for the U.S. to play with famine as an incentive, to hesitate in its aid when India so clearly is up against the wall, is wrong-headed. Whether or not Mrs. Gandhi's views on Vietnam are truly a factor, it cannot help but appear that way. Even America's hopes for Indian agriculture may be accomplished, as the pro-Johnson *Economist* points out, only because the Indians, humiliated, like all clients, become "so incensed that they . . . sweat blood for the day when they could tell the Americans to 'go to hell with your aid.' " Of course, that message might come, as in the case of Mr. Sukarno, its originator, before India was truly prepared to pronounce it; and then no one, not Washington, not New Delhi, not the hungry peasant, would be the winner.

Mrs. Gandhi is doing her best to prevent her government from moving to the right. But as Washington manages to emphasize and manipulate India's dependence on the U.S., left-wing elements in the Congress party grow more and more disenchanted. If the U.S. looks upon this development as a gain, it is badly mistaken. A more conservative Congress will not bring effective development to India, and sooner or later the reaction will come.

THE KENNEDY BOOK

In retrospect, the entire project of an authorized book on President Kennedy's assassination seems to have been misconceived. If the author is conscientious enough, as Mr. Manchester is, the conflict between the writer's con-

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trol over his own material and the patron's control over material is bound to arise. This is why "authorized biography" has virtually died out as a respectable form of literature. The term has come to be synonymous with campaign puffery that no one but the most wide-eyed of partisans take at face value. It was almost inevitable that Mr. Manchester, having accepted the restrictions of authorization in the first place, would move to protect his integrity and the integrity of his book by resisting deletions. But deletions are the name of the game in authorized books.

Having accepted the restrictions, Mr. Manchester should have played out the hand with the cards dealt. As Mr. Theodore White wrote in his pertinent letter to the New York *Times*, "Mr. Manchester accepted special privilege but repudiated the special obligation that comes with it." A good deal of public sentiment flowed toward Mr. Manchester—anti-Kennedy feelings and the natural desire of the public to get the whole story—but having accepted the uncomfortable stipulations, he ought to have kept to them.

On the other hand, one can have reservations about Mrs. Kennedy's notions of privacy. She may well be justified in objecting to intimate details about the assassination, but in general her attitude seems excessive. Just recently she rejected as "hypocritical" a substantial gift to the Kennedy Library from Paul Faye, because of the book he wrote about his friendship with the President. The book was insubstantial but entirely laudatory. This raises the question of whether Mrs. Kennedy's version of family privacy is consistent with the obvious fact that every President is a major public figure, and a fit subject for books of all kinds, good and bad, of the sort that a private citizen could justifiably resent. Mr. Faye's book was of amiable non-consequence, but it is hard to envision as "hypocritical."

Then, too, the idea for a commissioned book on the assassination was none too inspired. If Mrs. Kennedy was concerned about her privacy, she could have put her story on tape for all scholars to use at some far-off future date. If not, she should have thought twice about appointing a writer to have special access to the facts. Moreover, current reports suggest that Mrs. Kennedy privately reserved the right to kill the book entirely if the final manuscript failed to please her. Since this was not explicit in the contract, she should not have expected a writer who exhausted himself on the job and felt his integrity bound up with publication of the book to sit still for that.

As the New York *Times* wrote, the case is an example of everyone's being wrong in some respect. The tragedy for Mrs. Kennedy meant that the decision to pursue the desired deletions at a late date meant that the very details she could not bear would be quickly brought to light in the press—and thoroughly out of context—because the manuscript had already been circulated through the publishing world. In resisting censorship (but only after he had agreed to it) Mr. Manchester has won a victory of sorts, but not one that reflects much glory on himself.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

LBJ—'NEAR GREAT'

As the old year ends, President Johnson is on the defensive. His party suffered a serious defeat in the November election. His own popularity in the public opinion polls is at its lowest point since he took office three years ago. One poll indicates that if he were running now for re-election against Governor George W. Romney, he would lose. For the first time, there is considerable belief in Washington that he may retire voluntarily in 1968.

Against this bleak backdrop, it is worth looking at Mr. Johnson as he is likely to be viewed in the perspective of history. I think that he will stand in the second rank of American presidents, that is, among the "near greats" and with such honorable company as James Monroe, James K. Polk, and Harry Truman.

Since his impressive legislative accomplishments in domestic affairs are well-known, they need only be recalled—the 1964 and 1965 Civil Rights Acts, Medicare, the far-reaching education programs, the launching of the war on poverty and the "demonstration cities" program, comprehensive automobile safety laws, immigration reform, addition of several national parks and seashores, and the creation of the cabinet-level departments of Housing and of Transportation.

No chief executive has matched this record of legislative success in the thirty years since the passage of Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal. It is true that much the same record would have been achieved by John F. Kennedy, if he had lived, or by any liberal Democrat who benefited from the anti-Goldwater landslide of 1964. But, of necessity, that assumption is unverifiable, and Mr. Johnson's record is real and indisputable. Moreover, he has provided personal leadership in civil rights and sensitivity toward civil liberties. His "we shall overcome" speech to Congress in the spring of 1965 was a great state paper as well as a moving expression of personal faith. As for civil liberties, he has sometimes given way to irritable attacks on his critics at press conferences and impromptu occasions, but in his formal addresses, he has taken care to affirm the right of dissent, and he has vetoed repressive bills such as this year's District of Columbia crime bill which would have undercut important Supreme Court decisions in the field of criminal justice.

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Critics can fault his *obiter dicta* and question the sincerity of his motives, but they cannot successfully quarrel with his judicial appointments, his vetoes, or his policies with regard to civil liberties.

President Johnson inherited a strong cabinet from President Kennedy, and has retained five of its members, a high percentage in transitions from one administration to another. His own major appointments—Abe Fortas to the Supreme Court, Arthur Goldberg to the UN, John Gardner as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Thurgood Marshall as Solicitor General—have been generally of high quality.

The controversy over Mr. Johnson's place in history will revolve in the future as it does among contemporaries today around his conduct of foreign policy. His policies in Vietnam, the Dominican Republic, and Europe are sure to be subject to attack. My own view is that he has pursued the right course on these major questions and that, on balance, the historical verdict will be favorable. In Europe, he has displayed caution and patience. Given the now insoluble character of European problems, they are probably the ideal virtues for these years. In view of Britain's economic weakness and France's destructive determination to sabotage American influence —while still, of course, snugly sheltering itself under the protection of the American nuclear umbrella—it is not likely that a more subtle and venturesome President such as Kennedy could have pursued a strong, self-consistent policy. As best he could, Mr. Johnson has maintained the policy of building bridges of understanding to Russia and eastern Europe.

In the Dominican Republic, he had to make up his mind quickly in a confused and deteriorating situation. He calculated that the risk of permitting another Castro to come to power in the Caribbean was unacceptable. In 1962, the presence of the Castro government in Cuba tempted Khrushchev to try to sneak missiles into that island and thereby provoked the most serious crisis of the nuclear age. The world came through that crisis unscathed, but the terrible dangers of October, 1962, could have been avoided if the Eisenhower Administration had prevented Castro's coming to power in the first place. In the light of that experience, Mr. Johnson cannot be judged imprudent for trying to stabilize the situation in the Dominican Republic.

Asian Policy

For a quarter-century, it has been American policy to prevent the domination of Asia by a single power. In 1940-41, the United States applied economic and political pressure on Japan to block its conquest of Asia, and ultimately fought a major war for that purpose. Since the Communists came to power in mainland China, the U.S. has followed a similar policy of containing its drive for domination—first in Korea, then in the Formosa Straits, and now in Vietnam. The objective remains unchanged: to draw a line beyond which hostile powers cannot impose their will by armed force. Such a line was established in Europe by the Berlin Blockade of 1948-49 and by the success of the American-backed Greek Government in the civil war of 1945-50. It was long ago established for Latin America by the Monroe Doctrine which President Kennedy underscored by his resolute stand against a Russian military presence in Cuba in 1962. President Johnson, as had his four predecessors in the White House, is trying to draw a similar line in Asia.

In early 1965, when a Communist Vietcong victory in South Vietnam seemed probable, he could have taken the easy way out of reducing the American military involvement and accepting the "inevitable" Communist triumph. He instead, showed courage and boldness in refusing to accept an avoidable defeat. He has paid the price for that decision in dwindling personal popularity at home, but history is scarcely likely to hold that against him.

Mr. Johnson fails of the highest rank because he tries too hard. Since he has very little perspective on himself, he clings naively to the illusion that he can be the great prestidigitator. He tries to manage all the news, orchestrate public opinion, construct a consensus no matter how wide the chasms between himself and his opponents, and personally persuade world leaders just as if they were Senators from Idaho or South Dakota. It is an astonishing display of will and personal force, but it is ultimately self-defeating. Harry Truman had an easier time of it because he rather enjoyed his enemies and made little pretense of wanting to do anything other than damn them. John Kennedy was capable of a cool detachment about himself and about events.

Mr. Johnson, who cannot admit to himself or to the public the fierceness of his emotions and who is incapable of detachment, is sorely vexed. He tries to court artists and intellectuals whom Truman would have dismissed as "ham 'n egg painters" and "longhairs." He frets about aspects of a problem that Kennedy would have dismissed with a wry witticism. In an unrelenting effort to maintain the illusion of total mastery, he mystifies and manipulates when simple candor would serve him better. He tries for the impossible when the merely good would be satisfactory to most people.

There is no way to give a man the large inner certainties that Mr. Johnson seems to lack. Their absence flaws his leadership and will probably deprive him of the highest rank in history. But notwithstanding his compulsions and insecurities—and in part because of them—Lyndon Johnson has turned in a creditable and above average performance in the White House. A decade or two after he leaves office, he will stand higher in the esteem of his countrymen than he does today.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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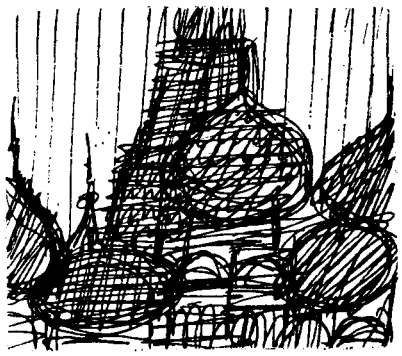

ENDING THE COLD WAR

Vietnam need not slow the thaw

WILSON CAREY McWILLIAMS

The dependence of Hanoi on the Soviet Union is likely to grow greater the longer the war in Vietnam continues. To those who speak the old language of "national interest," as to those who form their image of the Soviet Union on the model of Stalinism, the lesson is clear: the Soviet Union should seek to prolong the war in Vietnam. Yet the "lesson" bespeaks the moldiness of the premises from which it is derived. Roughly adequate to explain the early Cold War, the two traditional doctrines are utterly unable to account for contemporary international politics. "I cannot speak for Mr. Kosygin and Mr. Gromyko," President Johnson acknowledged, "but I have every reason to believe they would like to see the fighting stopped . . ." and little evidence exists to belie his statement.

Neither the United States nor the Soviet Union has abandoned its ideological goals. The belief that the unity of man's moral nature requires a universal political order, our common heritage from Marx and Dante, Christ and Kant, is far too persuasive to be discarded, and both the great powers are too wedded to their own idolatrous universalities to seek another. Yet both have accepted, if unwillingly, that it is impossible, for the present, to transform the world into the image of the ideal.

There is promise in this for the future: the political landscape of America is littered with the wreckage of old universalisms whose votaries have learned to live in peace while seeking for a truer expression of the oneness of things. It is that promise, given a tentative and halting realization by the "thaw" in the Cold War, that makes many double their regrets at the continuation of the Vietnam conflict. If the war did not exist, they argue, it would be possible to expand the area of agreement between the Soviet Union and the United States, to move the "thaw" a degree or two in the direction of warmth.

There is some truth in this, as evidenced by the frequent statements of Soviet leaders like A. Y. Pelshe that American aggression "against one of the Socialist states" makes valueless "the declarations of United States rulers about their readiness to improve relations with the Soviet Union . . ." Implicit in Pelshe's statement is the contention that but for the Vietnam war such declarations would not be valueless, and that much might come of them. And, of course, one could multiply the evidence with similar statements from Soviet and Eastern European leaders.

Yet the truth in the thesis that Vietnam prevents agreements with the U.S.S.R. is decidedly a limited one. The policies of the two great states are based on a delicate compromise between contradictory goals. "Coexistence" is a half-way house between co-operation and conflict. We refrain from conflict, or limit conflict, but we rarely if ever engage in active cooperation.

Neither power is willing to make a decisive choice between the two "houses." Vietnam is hateful to the Soviet Union because it almost compels them to make a choice. Hopeful of peace, they fear the charges of betrayal already emanating from Peking which would surely result if the Soviet Union made serious efforts (say, for example, curtailing aid to Hanoi) to give substance to that bloodless hope. The USSR is reduced to nearly impotent indecision because it will not make a decisive choice between international cooperation and national and ideological leadership; Vietnam is to the Soviets what Hungary was to the United States. To attack "one of the So-

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cialist states" is to prevent cooperation with the USSR. Yet, at the same time, the Soviet Union will not break with the United States either. Overtly, in fact, it will do little if anything: it will provide no more than defensive assistance to Hanoi, so it will not reach further agreements with the United States. More subtly, it seeks to use promises and intimations of the agreements which might be reached to induce the United States to accept Hanoi's program for peace (and may, privately, offer Hanoi greater assistance as the reward for a more flexible attitude).

Yet what prospects for agreement really exist? "Coexistence" is based in large measure on informal "understandings" which, in most cases, *cannot* be made explicit: openly acknowledged, they would conflict with the claims of ideology in ways which neither power can allow.

The United States might, for example, without changing its policy in any respect, recognize the Polish-German frontier or the independence of East Germany; the Soviet Union might concede the status of West Berlin. Yet this is hardly the time to make such concessions given the already dangerous cabinet crisis in Bonn, which touches the Western alliance directly, let alone the rise of the neo-Nazi N.D.P. To agree with the Soviet Union, the United States would, virtually, have to abandon the Western alliance and, certainly, risk a serious reaction in Germany. The gains achieved, by contrast, would only be symbolic: a German treaty would only formalize what already exists.

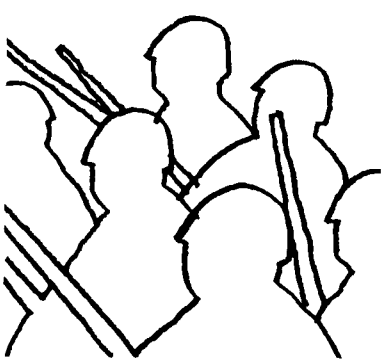
In Asia, the Soviet Union and the United States have already reached an agreement regarding the conflict between India and Pakistan, and the remaining major conflicts outside Vietnam touch points of ideological sensitivity comparable to those raised by the German frontier. What agreements could be reached regarding Nationalist China or the reunification of Korea that would not pose the same dilemma as does Vietnam? A Vietnam settlement would, of course, add stability to the *status quo*, an event not to be undervalued. But it would not settle the remaining disputes: rather, the Vietnam war suggests the folly of *trying* to settle them, at least in the present state of international politics.

In the rest of the non-Western world, "competitive coexistence" already exists, and the war has not unsettled it. If anything, the conflict in Indochina has simplified and stabilized the process by temporarily decreasing the prestige and the activity of China. The only conceivable agreement, a cartel between the great powers, is not only unlikely but undesirable: it would further frustrate states which see their only leeway in a world of giants in the "neutralist game" of playing one against the other.

The expansion of East-West trade, however, is one result which might develop after a settlement in Vietnam. Such an expansion does not force a collision with the alliance policy of the big two; it enables a detour around the problems posed by that policy. Expanded trade with the East might lessen American tensions with de Gaulle; it would certainly remove some cause for complaint against the U.S.S.R. by its East European allies.

Great hopes have been held out for a treaty to stop the spread of nuclear weapons. Both governments have long given such a treaty their verbal support, and what appeared to be the major stumbling-block, the American proposal for a NATO multi-lateral nuclear force (MLF), has been effectively abandoned. The possible advantages of a non-proliferation treaty are legion: it would decrease the possibility of minor or accidental nuclear conflicts, which might easily escalate into major wars; it would prevent a costly expansion of the arms race; it would provide a modicum of evidence that human reason is capable of controlling the forces let loose by modern science and technology.

Yet the great powers must be able to guarantee the security of those states which renounce nuclear weapons against threats by those which do not. Japan and India, for example, must be protected against possible Chinese nuclear blackmail, and the problems multiply with each state that refuses—as China undoubtedly would—to subscribe to a non-proliferation treaty.



Any guarantee must take the form of a commitment by the great powers to use their own nuclear forces jointly to protect a threatened state or a commitment that neither great power will oppose the other if it uses nuclear forces for that purpose. In the specific case, either America and the Soviet Union could jointly "deter" China, or the Soviet Union could announce that it would not extend its nuclear "umbrella" to cover China against an American action in defense of India or other Asiatic states.

Perhaps—though the case is doubtful—the great powers might now be willing to give such a pledge. Yet an Indian or Japanese statesman would be bound to ask what the value of such a pledge would be if a new Chinese regime shifted its policy toward one of friendship with the Soviet Union. Would the Soviet government honor a pledge against a major ally? Or, for that matter, would the United States honor a pledge to act alone if a growing Chinese nuclear capability could threaten the United States itself?

The very existence of recalcitrant states threatens a

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non-proliferation treaty; the ambiguity of great power policy makes the enforcement of such a treaty problematical. Both the threat and the problem fall most heavily on precisely those states whose renunciation of nuclear weapons would mean most: those middle-level powers which have both a motive and the capability of producing nuclear weapons. Robert Tucker writes that the problem of a non-proliferation treaty is "essentially one of persuasion" which, in an ultimate sense it is. Yet Tucker's thesis is too facile. It begs the critical distinction between "persuading" states which are *willing* to adhere to such a treaty that they are safe in so doing, and "persuading" *unwilling* states that they will gain no advantage by failing to adhere. In this sense, enforcement is an essential first step, and enforcement, in turn, depends on "persuading" the great powers that their interest lies in active cooperation to preserve condominium, perhaps the most difficult task of all.

A less ambitious treaty would involve all nuclear and non-nuclear powers in a pledge not to be the first to use nuclear weapons in any conflict. China, for example, might willingly sign such a treaty given her nuclear inferiority and her conventional strength. Yet here the "problem country" is the United States. To sign a "no first-use" treaty, America would require a guarantee that she would not be involved in frequent brush-fire conflicts. Without such a guarantee, the United States could sign such a treaty only if she massively increased her own conventional forces as a deterrent to expansionism by conventional or guerrilla war. The United States might, of course, sign a "no first-use" treaty without either the guarantee (which seems unlikely) or a step-up of conventional forces, but then the value of her signature would be debatable. Every country would be forced to weigh the likelihood that the United States would, in any crisis or conflict, abrogate the treaty rather than suffer a defeat. The strength of the American economy and the ease with which a major force has been built up in Vietnam are indications that the United States would be able to honor a "no first-use" pledge, and it is such facts that make a treaty possible. Yet if local wars become more frequent, it would be severely strained. That is not necessarily an objection to agreement: a treaty would discourage countries like China from supporting so many brush-fire wars as to compel the United States to abrogate the treaty; it would encourage the United States to restrict its involvement in local conflicts conceived to be "global" only in fevered diplomatic imaginations. It is, however, important to observe that a "no first-use" treaty is plausible because it does not require the great powers to opt for one or the other pole of their respective foreign policies. It is merely a statement of an "understanding" which is the basis of contemporary international politics (despite the infrequent fulminations of "statesmen" like General Eisenhower in favor of "considering" the use of nuclear weapons).

Most promising of possible agreements, however, are those which would have an entirely symbolic impact on world politics, and which would lack even the minimal policy implications of a "no first-use" treaty. The Soviet Union has recently proposed, for example, to reactivate the Military Staff Committee, provided by Article 47 of the U.N. Charter, which has been inoperative since 1948. Although such a proposal implies a censure of the U.N.'s employment of "peace-keeping" forces, in itself the proposal threatens no established interest of any power and would be symbolic of the decline in the tensions of the Cold War.

A more advanced proposal would provide for the activation of Article 43 by encouraging individual states to earmark certain military forces for the use of the Security Council through agreements which could specify the conditions on which the contracting state would make the forces available. (For example, a Communist power might wish to make its offer conditional on the admission of Peking). Simply in indicating in advance to the Security Council and the Secretary General what forces might be available in given crises such a proposal would have administrative value, and it seems a bit pristine to oppose the suggestion because it implies a censure of the U.N.'s involvement in the Congo.

These last suggestions are, of course, only very hesitant steps, designed to encourage the great powers in the direction which leads toward cooperative condominium and away from ideological or "national" alliance policies. Yet a more striking possibility for cooperation should not be excluded. The General Assembly, in a 114-2 vote, recently "deprived" South Africa of its mandate in South West Africa. Unless the Western powers, who joined the majority, are engaging in a piece of rather adolescent propaganda, they must have considered the fact that such a decision implies the willingness to deprive South Africa of the mandate by more forceful means than the passing of resolutions. If the issue eventually comes to the use of U.N. forces, might not the Western powers consider inviting at least a token Soviet force to participate jointly with theirs? For South Africa is not to be frightened off by a battalion of Ghanaians and a company of Swedes; major military forces would be required. The South West Africa case is a clear enough reflection both of international law and international consensus that it might serve to permit the first steps in moving away from the passive cooperation of the great powers (in which *both* abstain or one *permits* the other to act) toward active, joint cooperation.

Either the world will be governed by the great powers or it will not; coexistence only leaves both the prisoners of the drift of things. And the direction of that drift is toward dark clouds that promise little and threaten much. All the more reason, then, to make another effort to answer the ancient question: whether human wisdom can ever outspeed the lightning pace of human folly.

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Beyond redemption?

A DREAM OF FAIR CITIES

FRANK GETLEIN

The most deceptively attractive legacy of the 89th Congress is the widely held feeling that the city is about to be saved. The grounds for the feeling are clear enough. One steady strain in the 89th, as in its predecessor, was an awareness of the formidable problems of the city. This was new in itself. Our government has cast its concerned eyes and raised its protective arm over many parts of the economy and the society before this, but never before the one where the most people live and work and try to get around between those two poles. In general, governmental concern has followed close upon the creation of an effective Washington lobby, with those of the farmers and the school administrators being models of efficacy. Since a lobby by definition represents a special interest, there seemed to be a fundamental and insoluble contradiction in the idea of governmental action on behalf of the majoritarian city.

All that changed in the two years of the 89th. Conferences were called at the White House. Speeches were delivered in Congress and Senator Kennedy made the plight of the city the main theme of one of his most impressive performances in committee, the one in which he got back at Mayor Yorty for being anti-Kennedy and at Mayor Lindsay for being Kennedyesque.

Nor was this new and lively concern with the city a formless feeling, afloat in Congress but never given shape and being. On the contrary, the session saw the establishment of two entirely new cabinet posts, both having to do with the city. The Department of Housing and Urban Affairs is directly aimed at providing top level government interest in the city on a permanent basis. The Department of Transportation ought to and may very well tackle the worst of the city's superficial problems, that of getting cross town at most times of day.

Finally, in the hectic hours of the end of the session, when many members already had the chill feeling that the cast of mind of the 89th would not be repeated in the 90th, the Congress passed the Demonstration Cities bill. Here if anywhere there must be hope for the beleaguered city. The legislation contemplates bringing together all the possible solutions to all the discernible urban problems and giving them a try, on a full-scale basis, in selected cities around the country. It was a bill to gladden the hearts of mayors. It was also a bill to give sober hope to sober city people worried about crime, drug addiction, parking, rapid transit, decent housing and public parks.

Like the Poverty Program in action, the Demonstration Cities idea could bring together and coordinate the efforts of many departments of the federal government and many levels of state and municipal governments along with the activities of the private sector, both eleemosynary and entrepreneurial. Just to list the forces available to such coordination was to realize that the strength did indeed exist to lick the problem of the city. The brains were there. The money was there. The will was there. As the 89th trudged wearily to the hustings, some members to return no more, there was an excellent reason to believe that the poor old city had at last found salvation.

But there is a principle enunciated in Peter De Vries' critique of fundamentalism that applies here. "People who are saved," says that theologian, "are beyond redemption."

Of no miserable sinner in the hands of an angry God has that been any more true than it is of the city here and now.

This is not, of course, the first time the nation has mobilized its strength to save a part of itself widely regarded as vital to the whole. It is the second. The first time was the saving of the farm during the New Deal. Every city person of any decent upbringing at all has as part of his distinctively urban heritage an appreciation and remembrance of those stunning photographs taken for the Farm Security Administration by Ben Shahn, Dorothea Lange and others of photographic revolution in those days. We remember—and if we don't remember, such urban institutions as the Museum of Modern Art see to it that we are reminded from time to time—the fence all but sunk in the drifting dust, the harried young mother with her child, the family of migrant workers seen close-to in their dilapidated Ford, these and so many other images of that time of troubles. We remember and rejoice that we saved the farm.

Needless to say, we did nothing of the sort. Quite the contrary, we destroyed the farm, and there is no reason to suppose that our present new concern about the city will do anything else but destroy the city. The process has already begun.

If you remember the farm of the thirties at all, you

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will recall that it had two great values for us. One was agriculture. You have to have it, as a nation, to get along. It doesn't necessarily have to be your own, but somewhere there has to be agriculture to support you, at least until the science of marine biology gets itself out of the laboratory and into production. The effort of the thirties did save agriculture.

But there was another part to life in the country in those days, although it may have been already largely an illusion, a remembrance of things quite past even then. This was the spirit of the farm. We were convinced, as a nation, that all that was most hopeful about us came out of the soil, somehow. The cities were still new enough to be thought of not as places you grow up in but as places you go to. The great American saga of that time, in fact, was the work of Thomas Wolfe on that very theme. Goodness came out of the earth and that heritage had to be preserved for generations yet unborn, was not only the propaganda but the bone-deep belief of editorial writers and Congressmen.

On that score we didn't do so well. We failed completely. We destroyed the farm in that spiritual sense by the very success that attended our efforts to save agriculture. Figures alone tell the story. Thirty years ago, at the very beginning of the New Deal's attack on the farm problem, there were some 6,800,000 farms in America. Today, three decades later, with farm programs of all sorts burgeoning in all directions, with agricultural production the envy and admiration of the world and the pinnacle of the centuries, the number of our farms is cut in half, down to 3,167,864—and that's as of 1964, the last year for which figures are available. It's undoubtedly lower still today.

As the total population hits 200 million, the farm families decline to about 3 million. If the good earth is still providing that spiritual sustenance that was always good for a half column a generation ago, the spiritual production rate will have to have risen even more spectacularly than that of soy beans. There is reason to think that it has not.

The change is symbolized one way in the celebrated meeting between Chairman Khrushchev and Roswell Garth, the Iowa farmer, during the chairman's American tour. They were clearly not meeting as a couple of peasants or dirt farmers exchanging views on the weather and the crops. They were meeting as a couple of very big-time agricultural administrators with similar goals, methods and problems. Our agriculture, in short, has never been better, nor has anyone else's, but the farm has vanished.

That is precisely what has begun to happen to the city and what programs to save the city will further. This is not to be taken as argument against the programs. They are all well-intentioned and some of them will be useful to many citizens. Some of them, even more important, will contribute enormously to getting the work of the city done more efficiently, much as the agricultural programs of the thirties and since have increased farm production. But the city itself, now saved, is beyond redemption.

Whatever the city may have been in the age of Pericles or in that of Augustus—in both, in part, it was the center of a slave-supported society—in Europe and America for about the last seven hundred years the city has been pre-eminently the center of middle-class activities, the most typifying such activity being that of buying and selling. The grocery store, the stock exchange, the butcher's and the employment service can all be referred to, in context, as the "market," and marketing has been the characterizing activity and the force for growth in the city over all that period. Like farming, manufacturing could always be done somewhere else and often has been, but marketing, until recently, could only be done in the city. Because of that, people engaged in marketing tended to live in the cities and that's how the big town was born.

But both those causes and results of urban growth have changed now. Oddly enough, the residential condition was the first to change, the conditions of marketing second. It has long been clear in Highland Park and Evanston that you don't have to live near the exchange to take part in the marketing of beef and winter wheat. It has long been clear in Westport and Tarrytown that you don't have to live in Greenwich Village or even on Park Avenue to take part in the exchange of stock shares. In our own time the middle class abandoned their long traditional home, the city, and created for themselves an altogether new one, the suburbs. Responding to obvious demand, technology has followed, with a lag of about two generations, to create the machinery necessary for marketing without a market.

Commodity markets, the first to come, will probably be the last to go. But markets in just about everything else are headed, irreversibly toward the computer network that is still in its very primitive stage of development. If the market in legislation, the market in military deployment and the market in diplomatic nuance can all be managed effectively long distance from a Texas ranch, surely it will not be long before the markets in soybeans and actors, aero-space components and literary scholarship, will all be handled more conveniently and efficiently in computer banks which can be located anywhere and therefore, in effect, nowhere, certainly not in the city.

The doom of the city can be read not merely in the present and future developments of communication and computerization, but in the tone of the very pleas made to save the city. The city is alleged to be too important to our history and our life to be allowed to die. The city's values are those of civilization itself, it is said, and without the city civilization itself will perish or become a less attractive thing. Whereupon pioneers in the

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new art of city-saving come up with such devices as kiosks—that is, hot dog stands—in the public parks, the proliferation of little parklets about the city and the closing of certain streets to vehicular traffic.

Earlier still they came up with urban renewal, which, when it has not been simply a massive use of public credit for private gain, has been a kind of suburbanization of the city, a process also followed in the "new towns." The most advanced of these is Reston, Virginia, and it is really indistinguishable from anyone's dream of the ideal suburb. It resembles no city whatever, past, present or dreamt.

But throughout all these plans, great or small, may be heard a nostalgia not at all different from that of the editorial writers and speech makers of the thirties toward the farm. The nostalgia itself was and is a sign that the remembered virtue was already irretrievable. Then, and now, the effort to recapture the vanished past resulted and will result in the final dissolution of any surviving remnants.

Watching megalopolis grow on population density maps, we have decided ourselves that megalopolis is the super city. It is instead the superb suburb stretching along the Northeast coast, the Great Lakes, Southern California and the Gulf Coast. Megalopolis is not New York reaching out toward Boston, but only Larchmont reaching out toward Brookline. It is the future and it is upon us.

The city remains a dream. We never quite got it built in this country before it began to fall apart, although we have heard that it did exist elsewhere at one time or another.

But then, the farm, in its mystical sense, was no less a dream. Moonshine is moonshine, whether it beam upon and transform rows of haystacks or rows of tenements.

Like all dreams, the city can be brought into existence and be experienced by people determined to do it. We have Sturbridge, Dearborn and Williamsburg, not to mention Disneyland, to prove it. As we gear ourselves to save the city, it is by no means farfetched to envision, in the near future, the super-suburban stockbroker or publisher picking up a useful subsidy from the government for his practice of weekend gentleman town-dwelling.

Comments by three Protestant Observers

THE COUNCIL—ONE YEAR LATER

Albert C. Outler

Just as before Vatican II, it was hard to imagine a reformation in the Roman Catholic Church, so also, after Vatican II, it is easy to be impatient with the reformation actually wrought by the Council. One can readily misconstrue the unique character of the reformation—its preeminently pastoral spirit, its concern for change without abandoning tradition, its commitments to renewal within a stable continuum of "development" with a minimum of dissidence. It was, by intention, a reformation under wraps. Thus, for those ardent souls who feel entitled to the millenium, the aftermath of Vatican II has been disappointing—whereas for the immobilists, it is all too plainly the beginning of the end.

Any inventory of this first post-conciliar year by one who has been fascinated but not enchanted by it all naturally requires a double-entry ledger, with negative and positive items on facing pages. Mine has three main entries on each page.

The first negative notation concerns the visible dissipation of the excitements and momentum generated by the Council. The first four obvious "signs" of this on my list (that runs past a score) are: (1) the glacial slowness of the promised reform of the Roman curia; (2) the re-assertion of pre-conciliar attitudes in high places (as in Cardinal Ottaviani's updated *Syllabus Errorum* and Pope Paul's rebuke of the Jesuits); (3) the protracted confusions over the problem of birth control; (4) the persisting uncertainties in the plans and functions of the Episcopal Senate—and, consequently, the practical definition of "collegiality" in action.

A second negative item is the polarization of the extremes on the opposite fringes of the Catholic community and the attrition of the moderates in the middle. There was bound to be real unsettlement from any attempt at any sort of reformation, but the chasms between the Du Bays and the De Pauws, between *Ramparts* and *Triumph,* are too wide to be bridged by reason and grace—and the results are scarcely edifying. Too much has been made of "the crisis of authority" generated by Vatican II, too little of the priceless *consensus fidelium* disclosed by it.

A third disappointment that needs recording here is the strange defensiveness in much of the *Protestant* reaction to Vatican II and its consequences. One supposed that the bare thought of Rome's attempting significant reform, not to mention the Council's ecumenical commit-

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ments, would stir wonder and rejoicing among those who had justly complained against Rome's previous triumphalism and irreformability—and this has happened to a great host of us. But the old suspicions of Rome die hard. Anti-Catholic bias has not yet become disgraceful in high quarters. One of the easiest ways for a Protestant to get himself pilloried as disloyal is to broach the proposition (self-evident, one would think) that, given the new posture of Rome in the post-Vatican era, it urgently behooves the Protestants to recanvass with the Romans the main issues of agreement and disagreement that unite and divide them. It would seem that, while Vatican II has broken the strangle-hold of the immobilists in the Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant churches—and the World Council of Churches—have not yet been similarly blessed.

It is, of course, important, to realize that in the aftermath of every epoch-making event, there is the paradox of new ideas and conscious attitudes superimposed on old habitudes and conditioned reflexes. Only so can one understand the confusing compresence of pre- and post-conciliar tendencies at the same time and often in the same men! One of the urgent uncertainties of the future is how long it will take to retrain these pre-conciliar reflexes, Catholic *and* Protestant.

The first entry on the plus side of my ledger is the piecemeal but heartening process already achieved in translating the conciliar documents into personal experience, at the diocesan and parish levels. There are at least three unmistakable signs of this: (1) the generally favorable response to liturgical reforms that go far deeper than vernacular Masses and reach to the very essence of the liturgical act as such; (2) the mutation from the NCWC to the NCCB and the first steps toward the practical implementation of Chapter Three of *Lumen Gentium*; (3) the crescendo of interest in "the new theology" and ecumenism in Catholic seminaries and among Catholic intellectuals generally. As Professor Burghardt said at the Notre Dame Post Council conference last March: "It does no good nowadays to give the boys the old stuff from the manuals. They will simply tune you out!"

A second positive item is the evidence of real change in Rome itself, despite the gradualism that remains the watchword there. Here are four recent developments that have impressed me: (1) the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, the most potent force for progress in the Council, has achieved permanent status; (2) Chanoine Charles Moeller is now under-secretary of the Congregation for Doctrine and Archbishop Garrone now pro-prefect of the Congregation of the Seminaries; (3) a fair number of judicious acceptances of resignations, including that of Archbishop Garrone's chief; (4) the influence of the Council *periti* continues to affect the thought and leadership patterns in the Catholic universities, in Rome and elsewhere.

A third sign of hope is the well-nigh universal spread of significant ecumenical initiation and encounter, at every level of church life, Catholic and otherwise, in this country and around the world. There are few cities left that have not had their first (or second!) successful "service of ecumenical witness," few neighborhoods without something like a "living room dialogue." The Protestant seminary that has not yet opened its curriculum, and faculty, to the serious study of Vatican II and contemporary Roman Catholic theology can be reckoned as backward. Ecumenism at the grass roots is beginning to outdistance its clerical leadership.

A reformation under wraps is less likely to miscarry than the reckless ones that lead to consequences unintended by the reformers. But it is also more readily stultified. With Christianity on the defensive in the modern world, it is not at all certain that time is on the side of caution. And this is the peril and promise of this whole post-Vatican period. After a year, two things are clear: nothing drastic is going to happen quickly but, by the same token, reversion to the pre-conciliar *status quo* is now impossible. The year's record has not been as good as the visionaries had hoped, but not as poor as the cynics had predicted. The main point, however, is that it has opened the way for further and faster progress into the ecumenical future.

Robert McAfee Brown

My reactions to the post-conciliar period are a combination of appreciation, frustration and anticipation.

I appreciate more than I can say the openness that now pervades much of the Catholic Church, not only internally but in its relationship to non-Catholics. Gone from certain quarters at least is the defensiveness, the wariness, the feeling that ranks should always be closed against outside criticism. In its place has come a refreshing candor, an acknowledgement that the Catholic Church has problems, and a resolute attempt to grapple with them, as evidenced, for example, by the recent conference in Pittsburgh on canon law. The Protestant now has the feeling that he and the Catholic are less competitors than they are fellow-Christians who, despite their differences, face many common tasks together. Indeed, it is this new sense of partnership, of which I am so appreciative, that generates the frustration and also makes it possible to give vent to that frustration as an expression of catholic concern rather than Protestant pique.

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In face of so much creativity on the Catholic and ecumenical scene, it may seem ungracious to concentrate on frustrations. But as the post-conciliar weeks pile up into months, the impetus and passion of the conciliar years are in danger of being replaced by the voices of prudence, caution and moderation, particularly in high places. The pattern I see emerging in post-conciliar Catholicism is a pattern that has precedents elsewhere. Within the World Council of Churches, for example, the new creative insights and breakthroughs tend to come from the younger churches, rather than from those that have heretofore been at the center. At the Vatican Council, to offer another example, the creativity came not from Rome itself but from the outlying regions—the missionary bishops, the Canadians, the Dutch, the Belgians, and so on. Similarly, it seems to me that in the post-conciliar period the creative advances are more and more going to be initiated outside of Rome itself—in Tanzania and Louvain and Recife and Kansas City—and may have increasing difficulty gaining acceptance in Rome. All of this comes in the face of the fact that the church is so structured that advances are supposed to originate in Rome and make their way outward.

I hazard the guess, then, that we are in a period in which a centuries-old ecclesiastical process is being reversed, and that the *Roman* Catholic Church will become the Roman *Catholic* Church. I see the reversal as an instance of growth rather than of decline, and I not only observe, but in a real and existential sense, share in the growing pains. For all of us, the structure of the church, the life of the church, and even the teaching of the church, are in for more significant overhauling than any of us deemed possible or probable or even preferable only a few years ago. That process is not going to be reversed, nor is it going to be stopped, although it can be slowed down, and the latter seems to me what is happening. (The recent Xavier Rynne article in *The New Yorker* only gives further cause for apprehension.)

I am apprehensive about a Rome no longer teeming with bishops from all over the world. I fear that many in Rome are now drawing their first easy breath in four years, and are settling about the work of repairing the damage they feel the council has done. I do not believe they can finally do it. But I do believe that they can engage in powerful delaying actions. Time may not be on their side, but for the moment the curial backlash is.

Let me give a few examples. Protestants cannot help but be baffled when one week it is announced as policy that bishops over 75 should offer their resignations—a notable step toward updating—and then, when bishops actually begin to offer their resignations, the resignations are not accepted. What is happening? Is this only a charade being acted out in public?

In a much more important area, we know that for many months the best minds in the church from all parts of the world have been working on recommendations about Catholic teaching and birth control. It is clear that some kind of modification is urged by these voices. And yet, months after the reports have been submitted, we are informed not only that no decision is to be expected in the near future, but that a rigorous interpretation of the old position is to be re-imposed. If there continues to be a vacuum in leadership, on such a pressing moral problem, then by the time the church has finally made up its mind, the decision will no longer mean very much, for the church will only grudgingly be ratifying conclusions to which people with great moral concerns have come long since.

On the vexing ecumenical issue of mixed marriages, the church seems unwilling to face the implications of its own teaching. If, as *De Oecumenismo,* and *De Ecclesia* make clear, all who have been baptized are part of the church, then a different set of circumstances should surround the marriage of fellow-Christians than the marriage of Christian to non-Christian. And yet on this matter as well, post-conciliar actions have fallen far short of conciliar possibilities.

What I feel lacking in such decisions is any sense of urgency. We do not have unlimited time, and no appeals to the long future (usually described as "God's good time") can be used to condone delaying tactics in mid-twentieth century. Vatican II has prepared the way for further breakthroughs by being itself a breakthrough. But it must be the first in a series, not the last. The church will simply not be given the privilege of "consolidating the gains" of Vatican II *before* it has to move beyond Vatican II in directions for which the council documents provide only pointers and not blueprints. I realize that this means an uncomfortable and unsettling decade or two for Catholics, perhaps more uncomfortable and unsettling than I as a Protestant can even begin to understand.

In all of this, of course, I am in danger of using Roman deceleration as a smoke screen to hide Protestant inactivity. I do not see the kind of sustained vigor emanating from Protestant circles that I had hoped Vatican II would develop in Catholic circles. So at this point we are in the same boat. And to me the moral is clear. Even though we are not agreed about the precise dimensions of the barque of Peter, and have different understandings of how the chain of command functions, we can both acknowledge that we are sailing on stormy seas together, and that we cannot ignore the stormy seas until the time that we have worked out all the problems of life together on board. I hope, therefore, that if Catholics feel that Protestants have been over-generous in making suggestions for the future of the Catholic Church, they will return the compliment and tell us where we too are falling down. Perhaps if we engage in the on-going mutual exorcism of motes and beams from one another's eyes, we will find that we are closer to sharing a common vision than we thought, and can close ranks together in facing the stormy seas, even as we still continue to explore the internal problems of the rearrangement of cargo.

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Stanley I. Stuber

It is impossible, from my point of view as a Protestant observer, to give any blanket appraisal of the way Vatican II is being implemented. On the basis of its general impact upon the world, particularly in the area of interfaith relationships, I believe the Council has accomplished astounding, almost miraculous, results. But when it comes to the implementation of the 16 documents of Vatican II, with their varied viewpoints and recommendations, then I would have to say that the implementation ranges all the way from *hot* to *lukewarm* to *cold*. The hot areas seem to be largely internal to the Roman Catholic Church, whereas the lukewarm and cold areas of implementation appear in those external areas which are of special concern to Protestant and Orthodox churchmen. In these last two areas there seems to be a determined strategy of late on the part of Pope Paul VI and the Curia not only to delay but also to freeze out several of the most significant progressive recommendations of the Council.

While there is an abundance of important ecumenical developments in faith and order, in all kinds of living room dialogues, in the forming of new interfaith groups, in new agreements with the YMCA and YWCA, in the issuing of guidelines, in work groups between the Vatican and the World Council of Churches, in "ecumenical publishing," in ecumenical prayer services, etc., etc.—mostly as a direct consequence of the Decree on Ecumenism—nevertheless there seems to be, as reflected weekly in several Catholic newspapers, a return to a pre-Vatican II emphasis on particular Roman interests. For example, the big front-page headlines during recent weeks have been devoted to the attempt to secure state and federal funds for parochial schools. This may be implementing a questionable section of the Decree on Education, but if carried too far it has within it the inherent danger (an ecumenical backlash) particularly here in the United States, namely that of raising very serious questions in relation to the separation of church and state.

All ecumenical Protestants will rejoice over the quick and rather thorough way in which the Constitution on the Divine Liturgy has been implemented. Although Protestants cannot claim that the inspiration for the use of the vernacular, the new emphasis on the Bible, hymns and sermon, and the reversed altar, came from Protestant Reformation sources, they do claim, and rightly so, that because the Council made such liturgical decisions on the basis of its own tradition the result has been a much closer and more "Christian" relationship between Catholics and Protestants. The same can be said of the Dogmatic Constitution on the Church. Its emphasis upon the People of God and upon the apostolate of the laity warms the hearts of Protestants although the closing section on the Virgin Mary raises basic questions as do the sections dealing with the infallibility of the pope, the papacy and the question of the Roman Catholic Church as the "one true church" (which is also included in the Declaration on Religious Freedom—of all places).

We are aware that much internal work is being done on canon law to bring it into line with Vatican II, and that this, because of its nature, must be a slow process. We are also aware of the gradual implementations in regard to seminaries, Christian education and the religious, and are not surprised to read about certain conflicts now taking place within the Church pertaining to these areas. This does not disturb me as much as the realization that both Pope Paul VI and the Curia appear to be doing their "best" to slow down the implementation of the Council at certain points.

There is now at the Vatican a public note of caution; directives which indicate that the progressive recommendations of Vatican II must first of all be tried and tested by rigid dogmas and must not go beyond the point of literal interpretation. The exciting idea of the development of doctrine, which we heard so much about, for example, at the University of Notre Dame theological conference, seems increasingly to be pushed into the background. If this continues, then the documents of Vatican II will *per se* become static, dogmatic pronouncements without the expanding, lively development which occurs when the Holy Spirit (the Spirit of Reform and Renewal) is permitted to lead and inspire new and greater principles, interpretations and operations.

In regard to the implementation of the Declaration on Religious Freedom, it would seem to me that this great document has gotten bogged down within the hierarchy and whereas it should now be leading the way to even greater freedoms—including freedom of belief within the Church—it has, as in Spain, become an issue between some bishops and many priests. In regard to the Decree on Social Communication most of it is being ignored without doing any real damage, while a beginning is being made in developing a creative system of ecumenical communications. In regard to the Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World, which has not yet got off the ground, I wish the hierarchy of the U.S.A. would give Pope Paul much more active support in his peace efforts. In regard to the Declaration on Christian Education I believe the Church must make some basic decisions in relation to the nature of Catholic education before it can get far into the implementation of this document which has many shortcomings. In regard to the Declaration on the Relationship of the Church to Non-Christian Religions (which is of great historic importance as a document) the field is wide open. We understand that in all these areas some progress is being made although what is now actually in sight is not too encouraging. (Cardinal Ottaviani's "secret" letter to the bishops, for example, and Pope Paul's continued let's-not-go-too-far speeches and his postponement of his de-

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cision on birth control.) Here we all have to be patient, living in hope. Probably one of the most fruitful documents, as far as future ecumenical relations is concerned, is the Dogmatic Constitution on Divine Revelation. Already much has been accomplished in relation to a common Bible study.

Despite the fact that the implementation of Vatican II seems to have slowed down (as in Chicago), and at points has come to a dead stop (as in Los Angeles), nevertheless we appreciate most of the reasons for such a situation within a complicated ecclesiastical system. We therefore not only live in the hope of seeing the documents of Vatican II fully implemented in due time, but offer our services—feeble as they may be—to help with the implementation, believing that contained in the 16 documents of the Council are the seed-ideas which can bring a much-needed renewal not only to the Roman Catholic Church but also to Protestantism.

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THE UNRELIABILITY OF FABLES

DAVID CORT

Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

(The Sparrow never confessed. Furthermore he was a poor shot, his Italian Carcano bow and arrow was defective, and the rapidity of fire was mechanically impossible.)

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him die."

(Instead the Fly, a citizen named Zapruder, actually photographed the event with a movie camera.)

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish,
I caught his blood."

(The chief beneficiary, though mournful, was the 36th President of the United States.)

Who'll make the shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my thread and needle,
I'll make the shroud."

(The shroud came in 26 volumes proving that Sparrow did it. But just because the John Birch Society wants to impeach the Beetle, we need not confuse him with Solomon.)

Who'll carry the link?
"I," said the Linnet,
"I'll fetch it in a minute,
I'll carry the link."

(The Linnet in a minute actually became the junior Senator from New York.)

Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said the Dove,
"I'll mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner."

(Here at last is a verse we can believe.)

Who'll be the parson?
"I," said the Rook
"With my little book,
I'll be the parson."

(Rooks and books aplenty, but no parson.)

Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell."

(But instead the Bull killed Sparrow, and right on television.)

Who'll carry the coffin?
"I," said the Kite,
"If it's not in the night,
I'll carry the coffin."

(This presumptuous Kite, a Texas bird of prey and suddenly afraid of the dark, may be our killer. He has to be a fine shot, a serious killer, perhaps a member of a Dallas gun club. If with a wig he looks like Sparrow, that's it.)

All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

(Does that finish it? Let us pray not.)

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TEN BEST

THE SCREEN

Game time again! Any movie goer can play it; and almost every one does. Perhaps selecting a Best Ten list is a good thing—for audiences who review the year and pick out the tidbits in a sea of paucity, and for readers who can judge their critic and see just where he stands. Since the Best Ten list is usually a personal choice, the critic can be as arbitrary as he likes; but through his list, readers can tell whether they are simpatico with his future reviews or whether they should latch onto another critic.

During 1966, three trends from former years continued on their merry and un-merry way: war films, movies with spy-and-chase stories, and films concentrating on the behavior of young people today. There were other themes of course, but no group large enough to make a trend—although several pictures with religious subjects turned up. I had no great problem in selecting my Ten, except for the fact that the studios themselves played their usual trick of releasing some of their major items just before the end of the year to make the deadline for Oscar consideration. So some of the pictures on my list have not yet been reviewed in this column. In any case, without more ado, here are the ten—not named in order of preference with the exception of the first which is definitely my No. 1.

A Man for All Seasons. Using a fine cast and the script that Robert Bolt wrote from his own stage play, producer-director Fred Zinnemann has made a first-rate film about Thomas More, a man of intelligence, principle, wit, and courage, who loved life and became a martyr and saint. The role is played to perfection by Paul Scofield in this handsome production photographed in color in England.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? Under Mike Nichols (directing his first movie) Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor give one of the finest performances of their distinguished careers as the married couple in this Walpurgisnacht of love and hate based on Edward Albee's funny-serious-shocking stage play.

The Bible . . . In the Beginning. Although it disappointed some reviewers who wanted the whole book and wanted it different than it is, this spectacular picture based on the first half of Genesis is the best epic yet to stem from the Old Testament. Dino De Laurentiis' handsome color production, John Huston's direction, and Christopher Fry's script work well together to convey the spirit and poetry of the Bible and, except for the Tower of Babel sequence, make a spectacle that is both impressive and moving.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew. Without spectacle, fanfare, or distortion, Italian director Pasolini tells the story of Our Lord as Matthew himself may have visualized it. While I'm still not convinced that it is possible to relate the Christ story in cinema, this is certainly the best effort to date and well worth the applause and interest it is winning.

The Sand Pebbles. This is the year's best adventure film. With a good cast, lead by Steve McQueen, producer-director Robert Wise tells the exciting tale of what happened to the men on the American gunboat *San Pablo* when they were stuck in revolutionary China in 1926. A thriller with heart throbs.

Georgy Girl. Continuing the vein of "The Knack" and "The Leather Boys" and other funny-serious films about English young people, this one shows what happens to a fun-loving, awkward no-beauty who has a heart of gold. Expertly played by Lynn Redgrave, Alan Bates and James Mason, this thoughtful movie has much to say about responsibility in this mad young world.

Blow-Up. Michelangelo Antonioni's controversial new film also has a great deal to say about what young folk are up to in this mad, mod world. The film has some magnificent color photography of London, but its portrait of irresponsible youth is grim and discouraging and it forces us to wonder what next.

A Ballad of Love. Interestingly enough, this hopeful picture of youth comes from Russia and tells a poetic and

CATHOLIC ACTION IN ITALY

The Sociology of a Sponsored Organization

Gianfranco Poggi

This is a case study of Azione Cattolica Italiana, the largest organization in Italy dedicated to bringing the Church's influence back into all spheres of Italian life. The author focuses on the problems caused by ACI's relationship with the Church on the one hand and with the general social environment on the other, and demonstrates that the sponsorship relation critically limits ACI's chances of accomplishing the very tasks for which it was organized. In conclusion, he suggests that the difficulties in the relationship between ACI and its environment reflect the deeper question of how the Church, and perhaps institutional religion itself, are to meet the challenge of rampant secularization. $8.00

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Commonweal for '67

The current issue gives its readers a good idea of the over-all range and pertinence of this lay-edited journal of opinion—note the variety of its subjects, the eminence of its contributors, the vigor of the letters from its readers, the readability and discernment of its stage, screen and book reviews.

That is one way of grasping what Commonweal will provide for you in its present form. Another is to consider the distinguished list of columnists the magazine has lined up for the coming year: Harvey Cox, author of *The Secular City*: Michael Novak of Stanford, author of *The Open Church*; James O'Gara; Daniel Callahan; Robert McAfee Brown, author of the *Spirit of Protestantism*; John Leo; William V. Shannon, author of *The American Irish*, on the domestic political scene; William Pfaff, co-author of *The New Politics*, on world affairs and American foreign policy.

You could hardly obtain more consistently meaningful comment on the political, cultural and religious issues of the day during 1967 than by sending for a trial subscription to Commonweal at the start of another year.

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charming story of a music student and a deaf-mute girl. Their learning to communicate, and their falling in love is told in lyrical cinema that is practically flawless.

Shop on Main Street. This heart-breaking Czech film moves from comedy to tragedy in showing the friendship between an Aryan carpenter and an elderly Jewish woman in a German-occupied Slovak town; and the film has much to say about compassion, indifference, love, and hate; and it says it well in the fine performances of Ida Kaminska and Josef Kroner.

Funeral in Berlin. This is the best of the spy-and-chase movies not only in 1966, but in the whole cycle. More important than Michael Caine's excellent performance in the lead role is the film's insistence on the lack of decency and values in the whole dirty espionage business.

So stand the ten. I could have added a few more—but I'll leave them to your list. From my list you can add or subtract whatever you want to. It's a game.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

HOLLY WENT LIGHTLY

THE STAGE

When David Merrick lowered his trusty boom on "Holly Golightly" recently, he was, by unanimous consent, performing one of the great mercy killings of our time. For this was one of those shows which people would have gone to see even if they had known it was bad. The theater-parties were already bespoke; Albee's army and Capote's cohorts were on 24-hour call; the snobs and front-runners were crouched at their starting blocks. The suffering would have been prolonged and unspeakable.

Mr. Merrick prevented all that with a debonair throw of the switch. At the same time, he shed a little indirect lighting on everybody's favorite question—the question which bounces off lobby walls every single night of the week—to wit: how did this mess reach Broadway? Merrick's expensive gesture somehow convinced one that it takes a Merrick to *keep* a show from reaching Broadway. (Don't ask me to define a Merrick, who is a whole other problem.)

The average Broadway flop seems to be driven by some Kamikaze instinct, to complete its mission and be roasted to death in New York. The professionals connected with these low-flying turkeys must know what is going to happen to them—God knows they've seen it before. And yet at some point, even they must take leave of their senses, and begin rooting their boy home. Like vegetarian candidates for President, the fever grips them at last and they actually expect to win.

All this would be rather laudable if there were any

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substance to their dream. But the trouble is that, unlike the vegetarian candidate, *all* they want to do is win—they don't seem to care what they win with. If a little voice tells them, in Boston, to take out the main scene or to change the whole point of the play, in order to *win*, they will do so without a murmur. Next to your average play-doctor, or nurse, Richard Nixon looks like a Gibraltar of constancy.

There is, of course, a sense in which a play should create itself as it goes along, as a politician preferably should not—but these frantic shufflings have nothing to do with that. With "Holly Golightly," Edward Albee was brought in to replace Abe Burrows, who had taken over from Nunnally Johnson, all in the service of a Truman Capote original. This is not creation, but systematic defacement. When you carry on like this, you are saying in effect: we will bring something to Broadway, never mind what. We may have to dump Burrows *and* Albee *and* Capote, and the title and the music too, but our show will get to Broadway.

What show? The question is one of those pretty, existential ones, like asking, what Dodgers did Walter O'Malley take from Brooklyn to Los Angeles? Mr. O'Malley shifted his money from one side of the continent to the other under cover of a few spavined ballplayers; Mr. Merrick brought a new set of investments into town, provisionally entitled "Holly." Shows and ball-teams are mainly metaphysical abstractions, fronting for more solid operations.

But theater-people should try not to think like Walter O'Malley if they can possibly help it. A sports team really is an abstraction. You can hire a bunch of thugs and call them Notre Dame or you can import a herd of South African Rhodes scholars and call them Oxford, and presto, that's what they are. But a play is not so obliging; it is not a vague collection of intangible assets and fuzzy good-will held together by bag-of-wind phrases ("the Fighting Irish, etc.") but a highly specific organism which at some point in its growth hardens into a personality and can no longer be tampered with. When you do a show based on "Breakfast at Tiffany's" and hire a line from Burrows and a point of view from Albee, you have committed a genuine small-scale desecration; you have taken and smashed a tiny unit of art, of intention, and replaced it with meaningless fragments.

The results are edifyingly unsuccessful. A play-idea which no one has ever loved for itself and which all hands abandon at a single frown from a Philadephia critic, commonly has a deprived look to it. No play likes to be exploited by a lot of greedy strangers, and quite likely it won't respond to them at all. Beyond that, the theatergoer gets tired of these feverish encounters with desperate men; he wearies of productions that want so much to win that their palms sweat. You begin to wonder whether there is no better reason for putting on plays than this neurotic desire to beat the wheel.

I have no statistics on this: But I wonder how many plays have been improved, even commercially, by this compulsive doctoring? A good play contains its own salvation; a good director feels for the pulse, and makes it audible to others. But all these bizarre amputations and skin-grafts seem just to make everybody nervous. To no good end.

One hesitates—well, one wouldn't know how anyway—to add to Mr. Merrick's self-satisfaction. But granted the goofy nature of the game, he cuts at moments like this a pleasing figure. He has enough money to be able to lose with grace (an amount that many richer men never reach) or at worst with a stylish bad grace; he enjoys the game for its own sake, and usually manages to distinguish between the cards and the chips (i.e., his plays do not seem unduly disturbed by the money riding on them); he admires the theater enough to dabble in amateur theatrics himself (mostly in the form of press conferences); and above all he has had the wit to turn the English stage into his personal farm system.

Having violated most of his own best practices with "Holly," and having seen that it got him precisely nowhere, he did the big thing and kept the mess off Broadway. Would (to give you all the review you're going to get this week) that George Abbot had done the same for "Agatha Sue, I Love You." *(Closed at the Henry Miller)*

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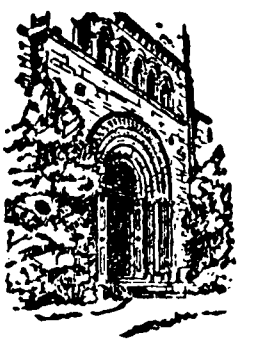

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BOOKS

Radical changes for the seminary?

The Seminary: Protestant and Catholic

WALTER D. WAGONER

Sheed and Ward, $6

ROBERT E. McNALLY, S.J.

This is a first-rate book, rich in insight into the seminary, an institution which has rarely been studied, especially from the double point of view—Protestant and Catholic. The author has visited and lived in all kinds of seminaries both in the United States and Europe; he knows their curricula, their manner of life, their ideals, assets and liabilities. He has taken the time to talk with seminarians and their professors and has allowed himself to be informed and educated from a variety of different angles. At the same time he is sufficiently versed in current biblical, liturgical and theological trends to grasp the significance of the seminary problem in terms of current Church development. Neither professedly liberal nor conservative, Wagoner writes with a refreshing sense of independence.

It is impossible to synthesize the content of this work in a few sentences; for it considers almost all aspects of the seminary — history, purpose, means, method, curricula, vocation, celibacy, and the like. The past is brought to bear on the present situation; and in its light the future is read. *The Seminary* is a studied, impartial book which seminarians and their professors—but especially bishops and provincials responsible for seminaries—can read with immense profit. We do not find here the stock objections to traditional clerical education noted down in terms of their shock value to the simple-minded. On the contrary, the point of view is that of a serious-minded Christian educator who says what must be said for one purpose—to develop better schools of theology.

Of all the Catholic seminaries with which Wagoner is personally acquainted two ("the Belgian experiment") are outstanding: Le Séminaire Jean XXIII à Louvain distinguished for its curriculum, "the best . . . now existent in a Catholic major seminary"; and the scholasticate of the Missions of Scheut with its "directing team of faculty." "There is probably no other seminary in either Protestantism or Catholicism where field work is so closely supervised and so carefully correlated with spiritual formation." To see that excellence in seminary education is still to be found on the other side of the Ocean will come as a bitter pill to the American Church, which has labored so heroically to give its seminarians every convenience of modern life. Maybe the reason for our failure is, as Wagoner observes in another context, "the wrong people often dominate the institutions."

In formulating the distinction between the Catholic and Protestant schools of theology Wagoner openly admits that "the academic level of the better Protestant seminaries is very high, much more so than the Catholic average"; but he cautions of the danger of these better seminaries becoming "graduate schools of religion," staffed by "scholars of religion," with high academic standards but with small consideration for the spiritual and devotional aspects of formation. The Catholic problem is in another direction. Convinced of the need and value of a developed spiritual life for the priest, it is preoccupied with this important work, but with methods that are mostly tired, worn out, centuries old.

No Catholic conversant with the modern problematic of ecclesiastical life needs to be convinced of the need of a seminary reform. The old system (reaching back to Trent) is exhausted under the weight of conformism, legalism and all the "isms" that *aggiornamento* is trying to correct. Wagoner's reform program moves in the right direction: the grouping of isolated seminaries into theological consortiums; the relocation of a substantial number of seminaries at Catholic universities; the establishment of "at least three or four of the very best seminaries alongside an equal number of the great secular universities." The new academic atmosphere will, it is hoped, extinguish the narrowing tendencies as well as the frustration which the old regime begot. The shift "to the new world of the university," if it accomplishes nothing else, will banish from the seminary those who naively think that theological education centers around "the heart-felt experience."

The author insists, rightly, on the need of "proper professionalization" in the task of academic reform. At times the method (if that be the proper word in this context) that seminaries have employed in their revisions, planning, direction—the whole thought pattern that underlies it—scarcely meets the needs of this day; and one may well wonder if it met the needs of any day. What is surprising on the American scene is not that seminaries have been loud in their public protest, but rather that seminary faculties have not gone and done likewise. If one is looking for the patience of Job, here among the members of the seminary *praesidium* is the place to look. And yet these devoted men—many of whom are far more competent than their reputation suggests—are rendered ineffectual by the academic context in which they work. Rarely, if ever, are they organized as a professorial senate, endowed with tenure, empowered to recruit its membership and free of outside interference. The old saying has a point: "Those who know have no authority; those who have authority do not know."

To some it may seem that the "seminary problem" is intramural, domestic, certainly not universal. Wagoner's assessment is significant: "If Roman Catholic education in the United States be-

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comes truly professional, it will soon be in a position to lead the entire Catholic world."

Pay Now, Die Later

JAMES GOLLIN

Random House, $5.95

DAVID CORT

It is quite possible that this is the first review you have seen of this book, which was published in September. It is about life insurance. And life insurance companies own $150 billion worth of America, and throw a lot of weight.

Nobody can afford to miss Chapter 10: "The Right Way to Handle Life Insurance," 43 pages that may turn anybody's life from a disaster into a blessing. The printed word rarely offers any such value in any form.

The author was once a star insurance salesman, and he is disenchanted. And indeed it is a strange business, a first cousin to the funeral industry. The mortician asks the heirs: don't you love the departed? The insurance man asks the prospective departed: don't you love your heirs? On this presumptuous question, American insurance companies have built their present fortune of $150 billion with an annual income of $30 billion, and an outgo of $4.5 billion in paid-off policies. Lapsed policies cost the people $2 billion in cash each year.

Companies that pay policy-holders dividends (156 of the top 200 of the 1700 companies) are theoretically owned by the policy-holders, who have no control whatever over management, and thus own nothing except their policies. But the vast accumulated hoard of surplus—$45 billion now and growing—the tombstone of the millions who lost their gamble with life insurance and life, really belongs to nobody. Mr. Gollin does not say so, but it will inevitably be looted some day, probably by government, in the same way that the Knights Templar were looted in the 14th Century on a Friday the 13th, and for the same reason: they owned too much. On this destiny one may weep, if one likes, for the insurance companies.

But Mr. Gollin weeps instead for the insurance agent. He is elaborately deceived by the company into thinking he is employed, but he is not. Of the insurance he sells, even in conservative New York State, 55% of the first year's premium goes to the agent as commission, 5% for the next nine years, or a total of 100% of one year's premium. But 90% of new agents do not last three months, and have no claim on uncollected commissions. The company, says Gollin, will "hire" almost anybody and wring him dry. The agent can only turn his fury on his prospects, and his chief problem is to conceal his desperation from them. Gollin concludes that even the average "established" agent is ignorant, incompetent and perhaps a little dishonest.

Current rates ignore the American's increased longevity. The gamble with the insured is so fixed that, to nobody's surprise, the company takes no risk at all. Gollin cites a number of high insurance officials who say that rates could be cut 30% with perfect safety. This is a shocking admission for a mutual company, and ends the "mutual" pretense.

Thus the company is extremely cavalier with your money, but once your money becomes *their* money, they become brilliantly professional with it. In 1964, the industry had corporate investments of $35,300,000,000—a figure I suspect of being very low—mostly arranged "privately," that is, secretly. The same year $680,000,000 went on short term to small-loan companies. This enormous wealth is under the control of perhaps a thousand men of the top 200 companies and is probably the largest private concentration of money power in history, including the Knights Templar.

The mental climate of insurance is traditional, conservative and ostensibly religious. Its expensive lobbies fought desperately against social security, the GI insurance bill, and still fight federal supervision. It hoped the civil rights issue would just go away until a new president of Equitable in 1964 started advertising in *Ebony*, showing a negro agent selling insurance to whites. Metropolitan later fell into line.

The religiosity is indicated by a typical prayer at annual conventions. "Almighty God . . . Bless this company which exists only to do Thy will on earth." These happy conventions cost the policy-holders a billion dollars a year, but the companies can easily afford it.

The insurance business is a colossus, but Gollin finally tells us that it may be sinking on its foundation. From an incredible 50% of U.S. savings in 1950, life insurance has subsided in 1964 to a level of only 32%. This may be a very significant shift in the American economy, and certainly in the American attitude toward life insurance.

The author advocates the waiver of premium and variable annuity kinds of policy (for details, ask your agent), the complete abolition of the whole agency system and the conversion of life insurance companies into a vast, well-trained, investment-counseling service. At present the two latter objectives are Utopian, unless government and/or a new kind of management get into the act.

One must say that even if the available information is not complete, this criticism of a giant American institution by a man trained and dissatisfied by the institution is exactly the kind of criticism America needs and wants.

Chicago Renaissance

DALE KRAMER

Appleton-Century, $7.95

ROBERT SKLAR

For a short time, half a century ago, The Second City became the first city of American literature. By the time people began to talk about it the moment, as often happens, had already passed. Thereafter nostalgia and local pride combined to give those years the name "Chicago Renaissance." The name might mean no more than the usual civic slogan —what after all had Chicago to revive? —except that that moment marked a new beginning, not simply for Chicago, but for the literary culture of the whole United States.

Dale Kramer's otherwise charming book offers no explanation why the revival of American literature before the First World War took place in Chicago and not elsewhere—so let us briefly attempt one. The crux of an answer lies in

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comparing New York and Chicago. New York around 1910 was the self-confident center of the literary Establishment; Chicago was wealthy but crass, powerful in worldly matters, insecure and consciously inferior in culture. All, so far, you might expect.

But New York then was frozen in the postures of genteel complacency. Chicago, equally genteel, was less complacent. It recognized there was much to learn, but knew New York had nothing to teach. Perhaps Chicago attracted less new talent than New York, but it provided greater opportunities. About new trends in European thought and literature it was more willing to listen, and easier to influence. Chicago was provincial all right, yet was in a position rare for provinces—it was more open than the center, and more attuned to cultural change. The flowering of twentieth-century American literature began therefore in Chicago rather than New York.

Why, though, was Chicago the provincial point of literary change, rather than San Francisco or New Orleans? The answer, as Kramer makes clear, was that the writers and poets who made the renaissance—Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Theodore Dreiser, Carl Sandburg and others—were Midwestern small-town boys. They grew up when the Midwestern small town was losing its cherished place as the backbone and sinew and heart of American society. The city was luring away the most ambitious boys; and it is significant that the writers and poets of the Chicago Renaissance fled the small town to make their mark not in literature but in law or advertising or journalism.

Attorneys and ad men and editors are word-manipulators. The small-town atmosphere where these men grew up placed a high value on literary skills, but the literature it held up for a standard was the elevating and sentimental kind. From youth they had had vague literary aspirations, and as mature men they tended to write sentimental verse. Eventually each man, in his own way, traumatically realized that his true vocation was as a literary man—and that in order to uncover his talent he had to break with small-town literary standards, with small-town values across the board.

The realization hardly ever turned out happily. As they gave up old careers to seek new ones, some men gave up marriages and families as well. They came late to literature—most were in their late thirties or early forties before they established themselves as writers—and among them, Masters, Anderson, and Vachel Lindsay had only a year or two of creative brilliance. They faded quickly, and left Chicago behind. But in one brief moment, in works like *Spoon River Anthology* and *Winesburg, Ohio* and "General William Booth Enters into Heaven," they left small town America forever behind them, turned their past into art, and freed American literature for a new beginning.

Kramer is more interested in telling a story than in interpreting literary history, more interested in the marriages, clothes, and habits of writers than in their works. But he succumbs to neither of the usual pitfalls of this mode, moral superiority at one extreme, unabashed adulation at the other. Kramer's book is full of human interest and new information, and though its limitations are clear, there are ways of learning about American literature far less pleasurable and far less persuasive. *Chicago Renaissance* does not explain why a literary renaissance took place in Chicago around 1914; but it whets the appetite to read the poetry and fiction that renaissance produced.

The Last Jew in America

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

Stein & Day, $4.95

CHARLOTTE CROMAN

Leslie Fiedler is the new wild man of American literary criticism. His latest fictional work *The Last Jew in America* is a fictional projection of several chapters of literary criticism in his *Waiting for the End* (1965) in which he analyzes the contemporary American literary scene.

The prose is good; one incident is treated; and there is character development. There are no gimmicks. Three stories are included in this collection with such provocative titles as "The Last Jew in America," "The Last WASP in the World," and "The First Spade in the West." Unfortunately Fiedler's magnificent, hyperbolic and imaginative use of American English never quite shines the way it does in his non-fictional creations. Just one of his metaphorical analogies in *Waiting for the End* and *Love and Death in the American Novel* (now in its revised edition) would take an average talent one whole night's sleeplessness to dream up.

Of the three stories, "The First Spade in the West" is by far the best. This particular story approaches art, whereas the other two are unmistakably projected essays—good but not great. It is a tribute to Fiedler that he can create as well as criticize, although the public should demand this of all critics. The subjects of his three stories are a Jew, a WASP, and a Negro, stereotypes all. Fiedler manages to turn these stereotypes into three-dimensional humans in the most unlikely way by placing each in an environment of alienation and having him emerge not lily white, but a stronger stereotype than he was in the beginning.

Jacob, the Jew, in trying to gather a Minyan for his dying compatriot Louie in a city called Lewis and Clark, finds his identity as a Jew in the past, whose safety from assimilation lies in society's rejection; so he invites rejection by making himself the most flagrant example of the hand waving, sawing-the-air, loud-mouthed-Yiddish inflected Jew he can be. Vin, the celebrated WASP and anti-Semitic poet whose current habitat is the Greater New York area, thinks of himself as the blond Anglo-Saxon giant capable, if only in fancy, of making love to three middle-aged Jewish mistresses at once; and who winds up screaming for help into a telephone. Ned, the Negro who owns a posh bar in Lewis and Clark City and wants desperately to be named Man of the Year, is spurned by his half-white daughter, loves an aged white woman to death, and quests for his birthright —the inheritance of Lewis and Clark City descended from the black slave who founded it and sired his grandfather.

The limitation of "The Last Jew in America" is in its didacticism. The portrait of the vanishing Jew is an idea rather than an insight into the passions of a real human being, who must overcome

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some obstacle of life or be destroyed. Fiedler projected his portrait in *Waiting for the End*: "Yet the moment of triumph for the Jewish writer in the United States has come just when his awareness of himself as a Jew is reaching a vanishing point, when the gesture of rejection seems his last possible connection with his historical past; and the popular acceptance of his alienation as a satisfactory symbol for the human condition threatens to turn it into a fashionable cliché."

Fiedler goes on to say elsewhere that the Jewishness portrayed by the Jewish writer is of the past, that it no longer exists and that the only way a Jew can identify as such is to evoke the past and the Jew's rejection. Jacob Moskowitz, who doesn't believe in God, makes a display of his Jewishness to the city of Lewis and Clark. He shames the few other Jews, especially college faculty members with Gentile wives, into admitting their Jewishness and coming to Louie's Minyan. His own hysterical Jewishness grows stronger during the course of the service, and he labels the others a catastrophe and a joke, e.g., the faculty member who has named his son Abraham over his wife's dead body and Max the Jeweler who sells his share of eternity for a nickel but wants it back again to placate his Christian Ukrainian wife. Of the Professor of Anglo-Saxon who named his son Abraham, Jacob thinks: "*And if this one turned out to be the last Jew in America* . . . as he watched him slap his broad-brimmed hat against the tops of his boots in an ecstasy of shame, *what a catastrophe, what a joke.*"

Fiedler, a Jewish writer in the United States, perhaps is also subject to his own theory that popular acceptance of the alienation of his Jacob Moskowitz as a satisfactory symbol for the human condition threatens to turn it into an affectation. Other than showing a ludicrous portrait of a man who suddenly commits himself to five-thousand years of history for inexplicable emotional reasons, this story succeeds only in bitterly attacking the Jewish professor who may or may not be able to name his son Abraham. Jacob himself had named his daughter Catherine perhaps out of his own Jewish anti-Semitism.

In *Waiting for the End*, Fiedler criticizes Malamud's *The New Life*, commenting that although it "begins with exile, it ends with return; for, like the expatriates of the past, the inpatriate of the present also ends by going home, returning East as inevitable as his forebears returned West." Jacob Moskowitz, an exile in Lewis and Clark City, has nowhere to return. He does not think of moving to New York where there are many Jews, but of remaining in Lewis and Clark to shame the other Jews into being such. He returns to the prayers for their sense of the past.

One cannot help noticing the invective against the Anglo-Saxon Jew reiterated in so many of Fiedler's works. One wonders whether Fiedler and Jacob are brothers and why Fiedler has Kurt, Eric and Michael for children instead of Abraham, Saul and David; and why Fiedler exiled himself to Montana but, like the passage concerning Malamud's character, is himself returning East. He has already reached Buffalo. The next stop perhaps is City College.

The second story shows us Vin, the WASP, a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet at a Jewish wedding in New Jersey. Vin, from his Anglo-Saxon height condescends to be civil to the gnome-like, greasy Jews at the wedding of Marjorie, who may or may not be his daughter by her at least part Jewish mother and mistress of Vin. Indeed with his beard and extraordinarily long jacket he is mistaken by an old lady for a rabbi—a dreadful mistake. In reality, however, Vin is the alienated, in other words, a Jew.

The incident concludes with a brilliant description of the undressing of Vin by his three Jewish lovers: Marjorie's mother Beatrice, Vin's wife Arlene, and the beautiful dark-haired Miriam. He wants to make love to them all at once; they leave; he relives a trip to his midwestern home town and shows us that no matter how much the WASP looks for life in the Mediterranean life-giving women, he returns to the dependent, blonde, pale, virginal, sexless WASP female. Vin returns in the form of pale WASP female students who praise his poetry after lectures. In *Waiting for the End* Fiedler has stated this literary projection as: "The Jewish girl is thought of not in terms of Mary, but of Lilith, and becomes one with all those dark ladies who are paired off against the fair, Anglo-Saxon girl; the former representing all the Puritan mind most longs for, and fears, in passion; the latter standing for a passionless sexless love." Beatrice, Miriam, and Arlene are the Lilith symbols and Ardith Eugenia Sparrow is the pale WASP to which all male WASPS return.

Essentially what runs through Fiedler's first two stories is a portrait of the American male "playing at the child, waiting for the end," unable to relate to a real woman, emasculating himself in a matriarchal society, and generally following the pattern that Fiedler has traced from Hawthorne, Melville, Twain, James, to Hemingway in *Love and Death in the American Novel*.

Fiedler's third story is first-rate. The character is a Negro and perhaps precisely because Fielder cannot identify with the Negro, although he probably feels he must in the process of his Americanization, that Ned the Negro exists of his own free will. He does not instruct or protest, nor is he a caricature like Jacob and Vin. Ned is the archetypal American, the ounder of cities and explorer of the West, the man who works hard, makes money, reaps his reward and fulfills the Protestant Ethic. He knows what he wants and sets out to get it. He differs from Elisha, the Negro wedding guest in "The Last WASP in the World," who has a blind white dope addict for a girlfriend, despises whites, and gyrates atavistically to Negro music.

Ned feels no special identification as a Negro until the old white woman to whom he has made love dies of a heart attack. Only then is he painfully aware of White and Black before the law and the White Society whose favor he has coveted in order to be named Man of the Year. In this story, although the character is a Negro, his race is not really an issue. What is important are his goals of power and affluence and how he attempts to gain them. In this respect Fiedler's character has run away from him. The story has depth, imagination, and suspense.

What is significant about this book is that it does add another important lit-

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erary contribution to the Judaization of American culture. Fiedler has jumped on the bandwagon which spouts Zion as Main Street and has done rather well at it. It is well worth the reading and although the three stories are rather tenuously held together by intertwining names and places, it works.

The Poorhouse State

RICHARD M. ELMAN

Pantheon, $5.95

JAMES J. GRAHAM

We are living in the Poorhouse State.
Welfare? Carfare? Wherefore? Whyfore?
What I got to tell you lie for?
Welfare ain't a thing you die for!
I was born on the ADC.
Ain't nobody gonna make a man out of me.

The above lines appear in the Epilogue to this book in a poem penned, we are told, by a young Negro recipient of Aid to Dependent Children (one of the federally assisted categories of relief) *with the help of his social worker*. In this way, Richard Elman suggests that the dehumanizing quality of public assistance in this country is an embarrassment to those who must distribute the handouts.

With much compassion, objectivity and insight, Elman has managed to write an exciting treatise on a very unpopular subject. His book should destroy both liberal and conservative myths about the welfare poor and those who service and oppress them. The only villain in this book is the Poorhouse State itself, which Elman describes as a "system of inadequate payments, grudging services, petty rules tyrannies, and surveillance mechanism that, though always regarded as a temporary arrangement, has preserved all in their deprivations." Elman vividly conveys the pathos, frustrations, and obscenities of life on the dole by permitting all concerned to tell it exactly as it is.

What emerges is a series of "symbiotic, mutually debilitating relations." The conscientious caseworker describes with some sadness the love-hate between him and his ungrateful, often anti-Semitic, client, who, in turn, says "Gratitude for what?" The Puerto Rican mother of five screams with rage when her benefits are discontinued because she has refused to permit Welfare to prosecute her absent husband. The prostitute proudly assures us that she wants no part of Welfare. The slum grocer wearily acknowledges his dependency upon his customers' relief checks in order to sustain his marginal business. Even the petty slumlord, as he trudges past urine-stained hallways and into apartments complete with *ratones y cucarachas* to collect his rents, can truthfully declare that, but for buildings like his, where would his welfare tenants live?

Elman focuses in on the Other America of New York's Lower East Side, but his indictment properly extends across the country. New York pays allowances that are higher than the national average and, unlike most other states, purportedly computes payments on an "adequate living" basis, but no state, including New York, meets even the more conservative poverty line estimates. New York's administrators are probably more civil libertarian than most of their counterparts but, until recently, even New York City tolerated "midnight raids" by investigators looking for twilight husbands and lovers. On the other hand, Elman's book does not discuss those Southern states whose barbaric welfare policies effectively strengthen a feudal social order. In Georgia, for example, not only must Negro mothers with small children accept full-time seasonal employment as field hands, but the regulations also prohibit welfare supplementation even when the mother's earnings admittedly fall below the benefits level.

But, most important, in every state public assistance proceeds from the middle-class notion that while we cannot suffer the poor to die on the streets, their condition nevertheless sullies the American Way. Elman concurs in Michael Harrington's thesis that America regards the poor man, especially in prosperous times, as pathological, a defective worthy of surveillance and study.

The System tends to breed generations of applicants for relief. The avowed purpose of ADC is to "strengthen family life" but, paradoxically, restrictive regulations sometimes cause homes to break up. Welfare administrators condemn the clients for their cheating and lack of ambition and at the same time prepare food and clothing budgets implicitly predicated on the assumption that the poor person is more stoic than the rest of TV-conscious Americans. The New York City food allowances, for example, might be adequate if the recipients never touched a glass of beer or smoked a cigarette and included in their diets large portions of wheat germ and puddings made from molasses and coffee grounds. But, man, try telling a Harlem teenager that austerity in this life is his portion just because he was born wrong!

Even assuming *arguendo* a certain heroic vocation for the poor, Harrington has said that, no matter what, pockets of poverty are an inevitable by-product of capitalism. Elman, by extension, argues that dependency itself is here to stay. America, he says, must make dependency respectable. Methods must be developed to provide "assistance without humiliation." According to *The Poorhouse State*, public services should be so excellent that no one need be ashamed to use them and, here, Elman seems to analogize public transportation, police protection, etc., to welfare so as to conclude that the rich, the middle class, and the poor are brothers in dependency.

In other words, no one truly goes it alone. Yet while dependency benefits are awarded by the government out of publice funds to needy students, the infirm aged (Medicare), oil drillers, farmers, the air lines, almost as vested rights, only the applicant for public assistance, regardless of her moral behavior, must wear the beggar's robes.

Unfortunately, Elman's discussion of specific remedies is somewhat hazy. The immediate need, he says, is for "sufficient, stable sources of income" to be provided, apparently, through non-welfare grants and a higher minimum wage. He concedes that the proper psychological climate will not mature during this generation of dependents who have been "victimized by doctrines of individual achievement"; but, inexplicably, Elman is ambivalent in his attitude towards the most feasible avenue of reform: replac-

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ing Welfare with a system of guaranteed minimum incomes through either direct grants or a negative income tax, administered, in the usual way, by Internal Revenue.

Certainly, whatever the income floor —and the consequent saving of the enormous cost of the present welfare structure should justify a level close to the "modest, but adequate" $5,000 estimate by the Bureau of Labor Statistics for four-person families in New York City—some recipients, because of their own improvidence or circumstances beyond their control, will still require supplementation. This will call for continued home visits by caseworkers, but such visits need not be the current invasions of privacy condemned by Elman as an element of what he terms "welfare colonialism." If the caseworker announces in advance the time of her arrival, the beds can be made and the visit becomes an occasion for dialogue between the poor and the mammoth city administration.

Finally, Elman notes that Welfare may be the only portion of the public sector in which program administrators conspire to keep potential beneficiaries unaware of their entitlements. This covert, grudging approach has done much to create the stigma that now attaches to welfare.

If this admirable book does no more than educate a hostile electorate to the need for positive reform of the public assistance laws, it will be a unique contribution to the literature in this field. Richard Elman has taught us a sobering lesson that we are all, in some way, social dependents.

Our Depleted Society

SEYMOUR MELMAN

Holt, Rinehart, $5.95

WALTER ARNOLD

This is not a new book. It is already several months old, too old for most reviews. I have noticed that even very good books, such as this, are often buried by "hot" reviews, however favorable, as if the main point about the book is its newness and when that is noted, the book can be forgotten. It is wise to counter this bad fashion by occasionally reserving apparently worthy new books to see whether they can outlast initial praise, attention and neglect.

Our Depleted Society passes the test very well. Possibly it could only now get the wider reading it deserves, in view of the growing enormity of the Vietnam war and the war's daily drain on American society. This much at least of what Melman is concerned with is in plain view. Not that he deals with the war, except in passing. His focus is rather on more basic and long-term problems in the society as a whole. But reflection on the war might lead more people to consider the basic problems and give Melman a hearing. His book is replete with observations, analyses and proposals concerning a sufficiently wide range of phenomena to engross both moralists and Machiavellians.

Melman, an industrial engineer and economist with philosophic interests, is concerned first with economic realities. As such he promptly deflates the catchphrase of "the affluent society," which has been invoked to justify and explain everything from food prices to highway slaughter. The phrase is dangerous because it would lead people to assume that this country could launch any program, absorb any cost. "The depleted society" could also become a catchphrase, but if Melman is right, as it looks, this one would be nearer the truth.

The first, and not the least task that this book performs is to confirm and quantify what many of us feel has been true about this country for some time, namely that despite appearances, even in areas basic to the economy, there has been a serious lag in development and a falling behind comparable nations. Melman demonstrates fairly conclusively that despite the impressive figures for the Gross National Product, there has been an actual decline in essential goods and services in this country.

"Entire industries are falling into technical disrepair and there is a massive loss of productive employment because of inability to hold even domestic markets against foreign competition." A small example is the shoe business, which has been struggling against technical obsolescence and superior foreign imports for many years now. A more notorious example, and one that Melman discusses at length, is the civilian maritime ship-building and allied industry, which is practically moribund, owing largely to concentration on maintaining the navy. He also cites a serious problem in the fields of medicine and scientific technology. As he shows, "depletion process" is evident throughout the society, only more so on the industrial-economic level. But "depletion" implies a source, and Melman does not hesitate to point it out.

The argument of the book, from the outset, is that the depletion process has been caused chiefly by the requirements of what Melman calls the Cold War Institutional Machine and what General Eisenhower once labeled "the military-industrial complex." The author particularly cites the nuclear defense buildup as an enormous source of drain. The basis of the book is in fact a "cost audit" of two decades of cold war and "balance of terror" policies, taking the cost of the defense programs alone as a good measure of the drain on the country as a whole, in terms of money, men and resources.

In support of his thesis Melman can point immediately to an annual defense budget of some sixty billion dollars, staggering in itself and more than twice as much as is allotted annually for education at all levels by federal, state and local governments combined. Within this budget Melman singles out for special attention the development and maintenance of nuclear "overkill" capacity, that is the capacity we have achieved to deliver, if "necessary," six tons of TNT per person on the earth. He estimates the cost of this part of the program alone to be anywhere from sixteen to twenty-five billion dollars annually. The book contains an interesting breakdown of the military budget to show this, but it is impossible for the merely concerned citizen to get exact figures. At any rate the "overkill" capacity continues to be maintained and even "improved," even though, as Melman shows, it is completely meaningless and amounts to sheer waste.

Many readers will want to leave Melman's casual thesis as an open question.

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They will see arguments against it and they will suspect a more complex set of causes for the observable depletion. But there is no question that the figures the author cites represent a terrific deflection of energies from "civilian" areas of life to military and ideological war machinery. Is the defense program more than is necessary for the security of the country? Certainly in the case of "overkill" it seems to be. And it is indisputable that if even a fraction of the resources spent on nuclear defense were applied to depleted areas of the society, it would make a great difference. If Melman is right, the true security of the country is in jeopardy as a result of the defense drain, to the extent that we may well ask, how much "defense" can this country stand?

Melman does not indulge in a quixotic demand for the dismantling of the nuclear defense system. He recognizes the truth in the argument that the "balance of terror" helps keep what peace there is and even helps incite disarmament negotiations. While he urges the absolute priority of disarmament, he calls for no unilateral moves. He does argue, most persuasively, for the abandonment of "overkill." Aside from not representing any advantage over possible aggressors, continuance of the buildup of "overkill" further poisons the climate of disarmament talks. Perfectly adequate defense programs are possible, minus the "overkill" parts, as Melman demonstrates.

Despite its title the book is not a sermon for pessimists. Melman indulges in no doom-shouting admonitions. As he believes in "the promise of American life," he spends a good deal of time discussing ways to achieve a more productive society at least in terms of economic productivity. Much of this discussion, particularly concerning the problems of automation, new jobs and markets, America's responsibility to the world community, is quite useful apart from his observations on the military budget. But he does look especially to the long-range problems of dismantling the cold war machinery and of converting the military to a "civilian" economy.

This conversion seems utopian in the present context, but it is an important subject. Melman's presentation is about as persuasive as anyone's to the contrary that the desirable conversion will stimulate the economy and the country to new ends. We now have military profits without productivity (that is, there is no market "feed back" or new markets created) and are actually exporting depletion in the form of military aid and incentive programs.

But what, if any, is the relation between the war in Vietnam and the depletion process Melman is concerned with? Although he does not discuss the war at length, he does note that it has exacerbated the drain on the society and is itself evidence of depletion. Certainly its effects are more grossly apparent daily. At a rising cost of two billion dollars a month, it has practically brought to a standstill the Administration's "Great Society" programs. It must represent the end product of our "military assistance" programs abroad, and in its effect upon Vietnam the war vividly illustrates what Melman means by "depletion for export." Most importantly, the continued reliance upon "military solutions" for the world's problems which the war represents, fosters the dominance in our national policy of the "industrial-defense complex" which General Eisenhower warned so persuasively against in his one memorable speech of 1962.

Although the basis of Melman's observation is largely economic, he is concerned with the whole society and ultimately with the very "quality of life" in America in the sixties. Along with many others, he notes a felt decline in that quality, one which is difficult, if not impossible, to measure. He can cite the dramatic increase in violence and decline of respect for the law in public life, the rising sense of alienation, aimlessness and "no future" apparent in private life, especially among the young.

As further evidence he points to the deterioration of popular government, reflected in the failure of the Congress to exercise its full office in determining national policy, the rise of extremist factions on all fronts and especially to the marked decline of responsible criticism, rational dissent and "loyal opposition" in the political life generally. In short he quotes the entire litany of What is Wrong With American Society. Of course a society in which these tendencies finally got the upper hand would not be a society that one would care to see survive.

Melman is personally hopeful about the possibilities of reversing the processes he

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describes. As he says, that very much depends upon having a good idea of the causes of these processes. He concentrates upon the economic and military-political causes, since these are nearest to hand and undoubtedly enter into the complex. But a reader must doubt whether the phenomena or the causes Melman identifies are the most fundamental ones. His reliance upon them at times seems to reverse the true relation.

"The sickness is being caused by our trying to solve the political problems of the Cold War with a program of overkill that has become politically ineffectual and has resulted in the depletion of materials and men, and of the meaning of ideals that we have been taught to value." Surely the causality here is the other way around. Surely the question is why does the society advance and support the ideological war machinery, the huge "defense" program, the Vietnam war and indeed the depletion process? That Melman's book leads only to the threshold of these central questions is not necessarily a defect.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 359)

think of the work done on literary forms and the understanding it has brought to much of the Bible. But literary criticism is a very rational science. The fact that it helps us retain, rather than reject, central elements in the Bible should not be held against it. Our freedom here does not consist in chucking out what does not seem amenable to immediate application in all circumstances, but in opening ourselves to a new understanding of what had previously been obscure. I am not unfree or inhuman because I am confronted with something bigger than myself upon which I cannot sit in immediate judgment.

To want to judge all things and be judged by nothing and no one seems to me to come precariously close to a very medieval anthropocentrism! The work of someone like Teilhard de Chardin has shown us that man is not skewered to the middle of the universe, but expanding with it, growing to a fullness in which his human freedom brings him face to face with the "cosmic Christ." And this is a radically biblical idea.

There always has been in the Church, and there continues to be, a vital interplay among the various sources of Christian knowledge. Scripture does not have what Mr. Callahan calls "exclusive" privileges. But it is unique and has a unique privilege (I hope we need not bicker over the semantics of "unique"): the great role of Scripture is to be a point of departure, but a *constant* point of departure, one with which the Church must always be in contact. Failure to see this fundamental, although not exclusive, role of Scripture in the Church accounts for the intellectual paucity of Mr. Callahan's conclusions, as well as the mindless superficiality of his exaggerations. Really—does Scripture contain not "a single, normative source of Christian understanding"? Are love and the Kingdom of God only "vague generalities"? Must we really "set out on our own and leave Scripture behind"? I am certainly not suggesting that we sit on our post-Tridentine posteriors while the world moves ahead; by all means let us set out, but let us take the Bible with us. There is good reason to believe that it will travel well, because as Isaiah said long ago, "The word of the Lord lasts forever"—Mr. Callahan notwithstanding.

(REV.) BASIL DE PINTO, O.S.B.

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Perhaps the privilege and duty of the gadfly is to state well and overly his case. If so, Mr. Callahan has succeeded again in fulfilling his role as theological gadfly. The most discussable (and important) point is that the reflecting community can judge and reject "central themes" and core meanings of the Bible. E.g., the Incarnation, the atonement, man's moral estrangement from God, etc.

Mr. Callahan locates the community's identity in the Spirit, not in core meanings or in allegiance to them. But we are cautioned that we can never be separated from the whole Bible, only "part," otherwise hash is made of the privileged apostolic testimony. But if we must keep part of the biblical testimony, and in principle this part is not necessarily the core meanings, then the parts we surely must keep are the subordinate and peripheral meanings! This is hardly Mr. Callahan's intention. What I think he intends to say is that we are in principle committed to the core meanings of the Bible but what these are today and what they shall be in the future no one knows for certain.

It seems that the historical identity of the community in the Spirit is going to be maintained by its allegiance to the core meaning of the Bible (not completely identifiable with the Spirit) which the Spirit in the community will disclose continuously in history. A paradigm for this discussion is Luther's controversy with the "Enthusiasts." Luther was forced to wrestle with the correlations and exigencies of Word and Spirit against the position of the *Schwaermerei* who wanted the full liberty of the Spirit over against bondage to the Word. This is to discuss the problem in its epistemological as-

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pects. One wonders if the history of "high religions" cannot be helpful also. The hypothesis suggests itself that a community's sustained identity through millenia is contingent on allegiance to some extrinsic and permanent authoritative symbol (with a certain constancy of meaning) such as sacred texts. JAMES G. HART

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: Apropos of Daniel Callahan's perceptive article, "Post-biblical Christianity," (Dec. 9) I should like to make one or two observations. I am deeply dismayed when I read the words: "If the kind of problems now facing Christianity point in any direction, it seems to me they point to a desperate need that the Christian community be prepared to go beyond Scripture." This way of speaking, at least on its face value, overlooks a most essential point of Christian history—that apart from a few saints here and there the Christian community has never quite caught up with the message of the Gospel. When I say this, I do not have in mind certain obscure niceties but rather the substance itself—the love of God and man shown in word and deed, the Sermon on the Mount with its stern corrective of human arrogance, and the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel and its social significance.

On the other hand, if Mr. Callahan means that theology, while finding its *point de départ* in Scripture, should develop and expand beyond it in a manifold number of ways, then this is perfectly in accord with a tradition reaching back almost a thousand years. Then I wonder. Why write about it, especially under the title, "Post-biblical Christianity?" Isn't this really old hat in a way?

The current problematic, as I see it, is neither Scripture alone nor Scripture and Tradition; the real danger is that the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ will be betrayed by an evaluation of it that may prove ultimately to be a betrayal of Christianity itself. This has happened in the past; it can happen again.

Let us face this reality. Christianity is neither a game nor an intellectualism. It is a life which feeds on God's Word. In the past six centuries the Catholic community has not been so Bible-minded that it can now afford to neglect the position that the Vatican Council took in this matter. The single most important corrective of Mr. Callahan's position is the very history of the Bible and its exegesis in the Western World. The tendency in the past to lead the Church into "post-biblical phases" has also led the Church into some of the darkest and most obscure moments in her history.

(REV.) ROBERT E. MC NALLY, S.J.

Civilian Review Board

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: Jim Graham's article on "Backlash in Brooklyn" (Dec. 9) tells a story that must be repeatedly stated. The white majority of our nation is not yet prepared morally, emotionally or even intellectually to accept the Negro as his equal. This is true in the agricultural South as well as in the urban North. As true in Birmingham as it is in Brooklyn. While agreeing with the central argument of Mr. Graham, I cannot accept the simple and single cause of race as the answer to such a complicated issue as the Civilian Review Complaint Board. The gambit of cause ranged from a Puerto Rican elevator operator's "I ain't voting against no cops," through the ties of friendship and marriage and blood relationship the middle class in Brooklyn has to Civil Service employees, up to the feeling this is one way to show John "I am the Mayor" Lindsay that people don't like what he is doing.

I also feel it is necessary to react to one of his "safe assertions" that in Bay Ridge there is a somewhat uniform citizen type produced by ethnic cohesion, parochial school training and parish living. It may be true that such a citizen type exists (although I am always wary of stereotypes) and it may be that parochial school training and parish living have not done enough to overcome class and familial prejudices, but it is unfair to blame them for causing a specific citizen type. In voting, people are politically and emotionally influenced first and Catholics second.

There was no official diocesan policy concerning the Civilian Review Board as the issue itself had no direct moral application. However, the issue was one that divided the Brooklyn community and little restraint was shown in the advertising campaign prior to the Election. This is why there was some action.

To help community involvement in the question the Social Action Department of the Diocese officially asked for voter registration drives in the Negro and Puerto Rican areas. One of the priests of the Department was also elected as Chairman of a City-Wide Interfaith Group's attempt to educate priests and ministers about the question. Some of the success of this activity was in the response of the 85 priests mentioned in the article.

While the *Tablet* has suffered from editorial schizophrenia, certainly it cannot be censored for the ads it accepts. In the October 27 issue it carried on its edi-

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torial page a pro and con statement about the Board. Mr. Scanlan, its editor, placed his opposition to the Board on the shoulders of Mr. Black and his objections were probably as valid as Mr. Buckley's analysis of why the Board lost, which Mr. Graham cannot accept.

The Brooklyn Diocese for the past several years has been trying to utilize its means of education to change public opinion in the racial field to a more favorable one. To influence the opinion of nearly two million Catholics is a Herculean task. We can pledge to Mr. Graham that the Diocese will continue to do its part. We beg from him a little patience and understanding.

(REV.) ROBERT P. KENNEDY

Population

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: As a non-Catholic professional biologist who also teaches in the graduate school of a Catholic University, I am heartened by James O'Gara's column "No More Seaweed" (Dec. 9). He takes exception to remarks by Federico Alessandrini in *L'Osservatore Romano* who, decrying the existence of a population problem (if Mr. O'Gara has quoted him accurately), opines that as science will find the food needed for an expanding population, why worry?

Work by my colleagues and myself has indeed substantially increased food production (even of seaweeds!); along with the geneticists and agricultural engineers, people like us are the boys in the back room in whom Mr. Alessandrini places such a flattering, child-like trust. We have earned the right to be heard. Where food production is concerned, Mr. Alessandrini doesn't know what he's talking about. I wonder how symptomatic his remarks are, for Italy, except for a few sectors like concrete construction, industrial chemistry, and automobiles, is a low-technology society, crippled by an inadequate, antiquated university system. Worse, until recently the world Catholic community didn't pull its weight in doing the research required to increase food production. For example, the development of hybrid corn owed nothing to Catholic botanists despite the epochal achievements of Gregor Mendel. Starving peoples are being kept alive with wheat grown by the descendants of Scandinavian immigrants who use the disease-resistant strains and fertilizers developed in state universities and commercial firms. I'm hard pressed to think of any Catholics among these agricultural scientists.

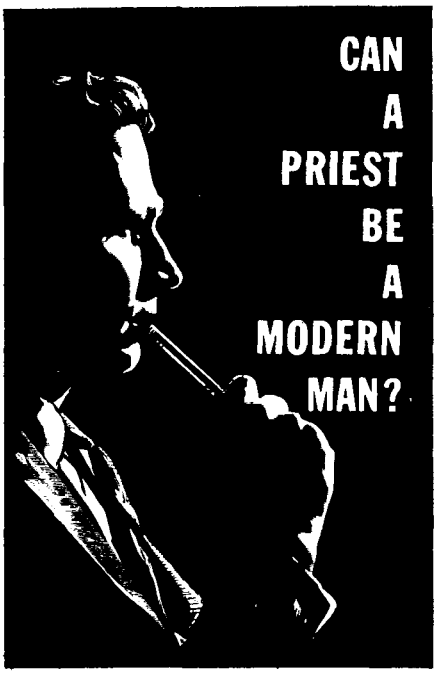
I have first-hand acquaintance with demographic hunger. As a visiting professor at the University of Brazil in Rio de Janeiro, I could look across the street at the shantytown where "Black Orpheus" was filmed. Some of these people worked in my lab. They were hungry; some of them were refugees from the drought-stricken northeast of Brazil. I know of no Catholic-sponsored research in Brazil—nominally a Catholic country—to develop new crops or improve existing methods of food production.

I'm puzzled by the tacit acceptance of death control as representing no violation of natural law. Yet, as a microbiologist, I can think of few more artificial procedures than growing bacteria or molds in factories, in pure culture (which is a highly "unnatural" condition!) to make a pure antibiotic (an even more "unnatural" condition) to save lives (dodging Nature's checks?). I would welcome, as a non-theologian—indeed a layman—a clarification of "natural law" vis-à-vis death control as well as the guidelines for birth (and life) control.

Encouragingly, biologists in some Catholic universities are working on food production and problems of a technological society, such as the environmental pollution intensified by urbanization and industrialization. If these biologists will speak, taking time out from the arduous enterprise of acquiring and retaining professional competence, their fellow scientists will give them a fair hearing. I know of exactly one scientist—just one!—who shares Mr. Alessandrini's optimism. Polemicists of Mr. Alessandrini's ilk may not make scientists say, "Galileo, here we go again!"; dismally enough, it's more reminiscent of Alfred E. Neumann, the not terribly bright boy in *Mad magazine*, whose slogan is, "What, me worry?".

In a capsule, it's a put-up or shut-up situation.

S. H. HUTNER



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